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" What see'st thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time ? "

AN ART STUDENT
AND
HIS TEACHERS
IN THE SIXTIES
WITH OTHER RIGMAROLES

BY
W. S. SPANTON
Author of
"Old Masters and how to copy them."

ILLUSTRATED BY ORIGINAL PORTRAITS
OF WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS

LONDON: ROBERT SCOTT
ROXBURGHE HOUSE
PATERNOSTER, ROW, E.C.
MCMXXVII

To the Memory
of my Wife
I dedicate this Book.

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MADE IN ENGLAND

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AN ART STUDENT AND HIS TEACHERS IN THE SIXTIES
WITH OTHER RIGMAROLES

CHAPTER I

Bury St. Edmund's

HAVING shewn some taste and more fancy for drawing, I was allowed by my parents to study as an artist. My father firmly believed I was a genius; my mother, more level-headed and less sanguine, had her doubts.

When I was about twelve, Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters" fell into my hands. I read them with avidity; they inflamed my ambition; I aspired to be a Reynolds, a Gainsborough, a Lawrence, or a Morland: and I thought painting was easy. I looked forward to a life of pleasure—need I say that I have found both life and art too hard for me? I copied engravings and lithographs, water colours and chromos; and drew portraits of my sisters, and the neighbours' cats and dogs and ponies, from life.

The reader will smile to learn that a copy I made in chalk from Thomas Landseer's engraving of Rosa

Bonheur's *Horse Fair* was shewn to the Queen and Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace! Many such copies were done by young beginners. I knew of two others besides my own.

The *Horse Fair* indeed created a sensation. The small replica in the National Gallery was said to be vastly inferior to the large original, which went to New York; though only one-fourth, people used to bet that it was full life-size. Sir Edwin Landseer was supposed to say "it was very good for a woman." It was engraved in three sizes: the card of invitation to view was adorned with an etching of the two dapple-grey cart horses: the publisher was Gambart, a Frenchman, the prince of print-sellers. His London business is still carried on at No 1, King Street, St. James' Square. He was said to have made a fortune out of the works of Rosa Bonheur alone. Rosa used to attend agricultural shows in man's attire, for which she had a Government license.

I had the advantages, and they are many, of being born in a country town, where friends and neighbours welcome anything like talent, and possible patrons are numerous and accessible. Above all, Bury was an educational centre. Edward VI's Grammar School, to which I was sent, had a great reputation for classical scholarship, and could shew such names as Malkin, Spedding, Fitzgerald, and Donaldson, among its Governors and scholars. The Head Master in my time was the Rev. A. H. Wratislaw, a Bohemian by birth, a great linguist, a naturalist, formerly fellow and tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge. I was Captain of the Fifth Form when I left in 1862, having just begun to enjoy Greek; the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus being the last work I had read.

My father was an enterprising tradesman; he framed and glazed and dealt in pictures and prints, and the great houses of Ickworth, Euston, Hengrave, Rushbrook, Barton and Hardwick were within walking distance. The county families had not then begun to sell their portraits, for the American Millionaire had not been heard of; rents were high, farming paid, labourers were contented, there was no unemployment.

Sir Henry Bunbury, the son of the caricaturist, and godchild of Sir Joshua Reynolds, invited me to Barton, encouraged me to draw, and said I should make a fine engraver; I often wish I had learned engraving when young, as he advised.

Those were the days when great pictures, after being shewn in London, travelled the country, and people were coaxed and manœuvred into subscribing for expensive engravings. The Doré Gallery in Bond Street was the last survival of this ingenious kind of show, in which theatrical lighting and hushed voices were found to be so useful to the promoters.

The pictures I saw as a boy of course made an indelible impression on my mind—*Nelson in his Cabin before Trafalgar*, by C. Lucy; *Morning in the Highlands*, by Rosa Bonheur; her portrait, by E. Dubufe, with a bull's head painted by herself; *The Baptism of Christ*, by John Wood; *The Saviour in the Temple*, by Holman Hunt.

My father, enthusiastically fond of pictures, had seen the Manchester art treasures in 1857, and he took me up to the International Exhibition of 1862. There we saw, besides the masterpieces of ancient and modern British Art, the works of Delaroche, Ingres, Piloty, Gérôme, and other continental masters. Jacob Bell, the chemist, lent

his pictures—*Derby Day; The Horse Fair; The Maid and the Magpie; Shoeing the Bay Mare*, and others, to an institution in Marylebone. I also saw the Vernon Collection at Marlborough House, and, of course, the National Gallery. I enjoyed everything, except the work of Turner; he alone did not appeal to me—then: I had not yet read Ruskin. Whistler was the other great artist I did not immediately understand: he was revealed to me when his *Symphony in White, No. 3*, was hung next to Millais' *Esther* in the Academy. The former picture was fully equal to the latter in force, in delicacy and in charm, and I am proud to know that William Rossetti was of the same opinion as myself. Pre-Raphaelitism I took to at once. I must have been born an archæologist and a lover of Gothic, for my hatred of the classic monuments in Westminster Abbey was spontaneous and excessive.

CHAPTER II

Heatherley's

AT the age of seventeen I tried to get into the Academy. I made a drawing at home from a cast of *Atlas*, lent to me by an old Academy student of Fuseli's time, but failed to gain admission, and consequently I came up to London and entered Heatherley's School in Newman Street, Oxford Street, in order to qualify myself for the R.A. Heatherley's, formerly Leigh's, was the rival of Carey's, where Millais had studied when it was kept by Sass. This school is no longer carried on, but the building exists, and the bust of Minerva may still be seen over the door of Minerva House in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury. The son of the celebrated translator of Dante, Cary painted the picture of Charles and Mary Lamb in the National Portrait Gallery. At the time I am speaking of, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., and Solomon Hart, R.A. were living in Fitzroy Square, also George Raphael Ward, a retired engraver and son of James Ward, R.A. Mrs. E. M. Ward, herself an artist, and wife of the Academician, who painted *Dr. Johnson Reading the "Vicar of Wakefield,"* to be seen in the great Lexicographer's house in Gough Square, Fleet Street; *James II. Receiving the News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange*, and *The South Sea Bubble*, at the Tate Gallery, was George Raphael's daughter,

and Sir Leslie Ward, who drew caricatures under the name of "Spy," was the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward.

David Roberts, R.A., the Eastern traveller and artist, was to be found in Charlotte Street, and on the corner of London Street, now Maple Street, the notice, "Mr. D. Maclise removed to 4, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea," was still to be seen.

Mr. Thomas Heatherley was the ideal art master, and lived only for his school. You took to him at once. He had a high forehead, a straight nose, deep-set eyes, hollow cheeks, long lank hair and beard, almost colourless, like his complexion, and a quiet voice. He used to pace up and down the school with slippers, clad in a black velvet gown, which reached to his heels, and softly humming to himself. Gifted with patience, mild and benevolent, he ruled his little kingdom well; and the sharpest thing he ever said to me was, "You see how strong is our confidence in our own infallibility," after convincing me, with some difficulty, that he was right and I was wrong in my drawing. He inspired respect and affection, yet with just a dash of sarcasm; I have heard him described as a *dissipated Jesus Christ.*

The school had been built over the garden, the costume models sat in the near portion, and the costumes and properties were always being added to: the nude models were posed at the extreme end, divided off by a screen and curtains. The casts from the antique were ranged all round the room, and very fine they were, besides many from nature; among these the death-mask of Sir Thomas Lawrence, on which some of his whiskers were still to be seen.

HIS TEACHERS IN THE SIXTIES

Samuel Butler's picture, in the Tate Gallery, of *Mr. Heatherley's Holiday*, is a valuable record of the School and its master, who was always good-tempered, and did not mind being laughed at, though he never sacrificed his dignity: it shews the south-east corner of the Gallery. A picture of Laban with his daughters, Leah and Rachel, and Jacob, sometimes stood there, on which Heatherley worked occasionally. He was advised to ask a hundred guineas for it. I do not remember if he ever finished it, but I fancy not.

Among the lady-students, Miss Dunn and Miss Mearns, who drew illustrations for "*Once a Week*," lived in the house; two Miss Alldridges came up from Charlton in Kent with their brother, Richard Lincoln Alldridge, who painted the Tichborne Trial, and was great at the antique, as his numerous drawings, which adorned the Reception Room, testified. Frederick Barnard, the caricaturist, produced an illustrated Alphabet which, with many others of his sketches, were hung in the same apartment. My memory having played me false, I was able afterwards to visit the school and fill in the gaps:

A stands for Alldridge, who thinks he's a P.R.,
B stands for Browne, who is not, that is clear.
C stands for Coke, who is poking his fun,
D stands Dodgson, a making a pun;
E stands for 'Eatherley, the H. you'll excuse,
F stands for Fraser, who's troubled with "blues."
G stands for Grahame, measuring his waist,
H stands for Higgs, whose manners are chaste.
I stands for Barney, the sweetest of boys, (Himself)
K stands for Knowles, who is "making a noise":
L stands for Lauber, whose singing's a pattern,
M stands for Medium, which one day I sat on;
N stands for Newman Street, that's where we are now,
O stands for Opulence, from which we are far now:
PQ stands for Peculiar, which Nature is now-a-days,
R stands for Rustic, like the paintings of our Bayes.

S stands for Smythe, who to Normandy went off,
T stands for Turps that takes the oil paint off;
U stands for *Unpleasant*, we all know what that is,
V stands for Vernede, recruiting at Gatti's;
W stands for Wooldridge, with the ladies a pet,
X stands for Excellence, which few of us get;
YZ for the wise head that's placed on these shoulders,
And I hope that you'll pardon my being so bold as
To ridicule you that belong to the Art,
For you know, my old buffers, it's all in good part.
Fol de rol, etc.

Here follows an account of the students in the Alphabet and in Barnard's other sketches, and the rest, as I remember them; who attended more or less regularly in the day time. Alldridge was tall, well set up, good at boxing, though his left arm was withered from a fall. His face was broad and flat, with a fatuous expression; he had a good opinion of himself, was a follower of the Pre-Raphaelites, and fond of laying down the law; he holds a porte-crayon which he used so skilfully, having a particularly good notion of light and shade. His sisters were—like him—fair; Emily the elder, tall, handsome and fully developed; the younger, who became a novelist, was small, graceful, and spirituelle. Living at Charlton, Alldridge got to know Sir John Gilbert at Blackheath, who told him he once spent a Sunday morning with Turner at Queen Anne Street, and watched him piling white on the sky of "Caligula's Palace and Bridge" No. 512 in the National Gallery, producing the effect of sunshine behind the towers.

Seated on a stool, and laughing at a Pre-Raphaelite picture, was Browne—the son of Hablot Knight Brunet, known as *Phiz*, the illustrator of Dickens;—a wretched little specimen, bilious looking, and with no chin, who existed apparently only to shew how much below the average the son of a clever man may be. In his opinion, the one way to succeed was to

imitate his father, or Sir Edwin Landseer, as they were the only artists living; consequently he detested Pre-Raphaelitism. Not content with being all wrong about art, Browne had associated with medical students, who had the reputation of being fast, and he openly advocated immorality as the duty of every young man. Needless to say, no other art students talked like that. I do not know how medical students may talk, having had no experience.

Alfred Sacheverel Coke, an aristocratic youth, with a brother in the Army, and whose taste was as good as Browne's was bad, is in the act of bonneting me: he did some of the decorations at the *Criterion*.

Dodgson is warming his hands at the stove, and the students are fleeing in terrror from his pun. His father was the excellent water-colour landscape painter.

G. H. Knowles, an architect's son, and brother of the Editor of "*The Nineteenth Century*," possessed of a fine baritone voice. He used to sing while he washed his brushes, which were all full of brown madder, his favourite colour. He was a big, stout, handsome, jolly fellow, with fair beard and moustache, older than the rest of us; he lived in a fine house in Clapham Park, where Barnard went to stay with him, being a special favourite of his. Knowles used to walk from Victoria Station, and when a student at the Academy, often stalked into the Antique School with very creaky boots, when we were all quietly drawing, and listening to the Guards Band playing in the Barrack Yard just under the windows. A musical amateur, he used to talk about Grisi and Mario, and other famous singers.

Lauber was a falsetto singer, and Wooldridge once sang *My Pretty Jane*, to the delight and wonder

of Higgs, a comic man and raconteur. Grahame, a Scotsman, eldest of three brothers, John, James and Alexander: John and Alexander were plain, James was handsome, with curly hair; all were athletes, and pleasant companions.

Bayes and Smythe were old students, occasional visitors, and artists of repute. "Unpleasant" is having a picture rejected from the Academy. Vernède was a pretty boy, with long eyelashes; he was afterwards in the habit of signing his name in the Academy book without initials, like a peer, which Coke objected to. As a member of a county family he was naturally punctilious about such matters.

Marmaduke Langdale was patronised by Alldridge for a most careful drawing of the Farnese Hercules, which gained him admission into the Academy. Henry Bredin, a Cockney with a taste for rustic subjects, of whom Alldridge also approved. W. H. Weatherhead was the son of an engraver with whom Alldridge differed at the Sketching Exhibitions. Pepper, a sculptor, modelled in clay, and told me I did not work hard.

Among the subjects for sketching I remember *Desolation*, *Temptation*, *Just in time*, *Another New Pot*, by Barnard—Heatherley producing his latest purchase. We used to chat round the gas stove in the middle of the Gallery, and were as happy as high hopes and high spirits could make us. I did a sketch for *Temptation* and was ridiculed for it by Barnard. Weatherhead painted a picture of "A penny for your thoughts," which was exhibited at the Gallery in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

There were two brothers named Duncan, whose father was a marine painter in water colours; the elder, stout and burly, followed his father's profession,

and went to sea. The younger, thin and weedy, with a hook nose, once sang Longfellow's "*Village Blacksmith*," and Barnard made a sketch of him, flying, with wings and petticoats, and called it "Duncan's mother's voice singing to him in Paradise."

There were two pretty pictures, I believe by J. Absolom, called *Saturday Night*, and *Sunday Morning*, evidently inspired by—though not illustrating—Goldsmith's *Traveller*, and *Deserted Village*. In the former, the rustics were dancing on the village green; the latter represented the church, with the villagers lingering in the churchyard before the service. Barnard imitated the design of *Saturday Night*, drew the students dancing, and Heatherley playing the pipe. The caricature was spirited, as was the original design.

Heatherley wisely promoted whatever was likely to add to the popularity of his School, so Barnard—whose passion was the Theatre, and who, when the great actor Robson died, talked as if the world had come to an end—was allowed to organize a performance of *Boots at the Swan*, himself taking the principal character. He induced me to play the small part of *Pippin*, the page who stole the jam. I was caught in the act, taken by the ear down to the front, and reprimanded by a charming young lady, a daughter of Thomas Heaphey, a water-colour figure-painter.

The oldest student was Thomas Ballard, a native of Ledbury, an all-round and well-read man, but shy and retiring. Sweet-tempered and lovable, he helped everyone but himself. Much employed as a scene-painter, he painted the scenery for *Ruddigore*. He did kindnesses, such as lending his books, with the air of one asking a favour; and he once produced a

cask of Herefordshire cider, which, needless to say, was vastly appreciated. Tall, shabby, and round-shouldered, with a hook nose, shaggy beard and moustache, he used to paint sitting, all doubled up, with his picture in his lap, and his mouth full of brushes; given to losing his things, to "damning," and laughing at himself. Whether it was a provincialism, or peculiar to himself I do not know, but he could not say colour as we do, *culler*, but pronounced it *culley*. Barnard made a sketch of him as he was supposed to appear after selling his great picture of *Timbuctoo*, attired in a frock-coat and top hat, with a new umbrella, and "a place for everything and everything in its place."

Ballard was an excellent judge of pictures, and one never differed from him without thinking one must be wrong. Raphael, Reynolds and Millais were his demigods; he did not care much for Whistler; not at all for Rossetti nor Holman Hunt.

After the War, my daughter and I, taking a tour in the West Country, stopped at Ledbury. Ballard was no longer alive, but we saw his old home and his maiden sister; and in the Church was a fine picture of the Last Supper, which seemed almost good enough for Titian. How it got there we did not know, but concluded it must have been purchased or presented through Ballard's influence.

He had always been a regular attendant at Church; towards the close of his life he became deaf.

Fred'k R. Pickersgill

CHAPTER III

The Royal Academy

I MADE a drawing of the *Clapping Faun*, which gained me admission as a Probationer to the Academy, and when there, passed the standard with three drawings from the *Germanicus* ; one of the cast, one of the skeleton, and one of the muscles. My ivory ticket, or *bone*, as we called it, is dated 1st May, 1863. The Royal Academy Schools were like Heatherley's, but on a much larger scale, and life there was no less cheerful and stimulating. The Summer Exhibition took up half the space now entirely occupied by the National Gallery, the portico being common to both ; the students' entrance was in front, between the portico and the east end. Out of the passage, the Guards, whose Barracks were in the yard behind, used to come marching with their band ; the spectacle was like a gigantic gilded snake uncoiling itself. The Council Chamber, the Library, and the Keeper's Apartments were all on the ground floor, entered by the doorway opposite St. Martin's Church.

H. W. Pickersgill, who painted Wordsworth's and Talfourd's likenesses in the Portrait Gallery, was Librarian : the naughty students used to tease him by asking for the works of Ruskin, whom he detested as the champion of Pre-Raphaelitism.

The Lecture Room and the Painting Rooms had to be cleared out for the Exhibition, and in the

summer the Life Class was held in the Dome, which was always left open, and was occasionally the scene of boxing and wrestling matches among the students.

Up the stairs leading to the Dome, Etty, in his ardour for study, though tormented by asthma, had been wont to come as long as he was able to crawl, sometimes reeling like a drunkard. The Antique School—now demolished, was a handsome affair in the Greek style, and in three compartments, well lit by day and night, and the casts from the sculptures were so numerous that they overflowed into the hall on the left of the passage.

Among the casts from Nature was a beautiful arm of Mrs. Redgrave's—the wife of the Academician who painted *Country Cousins* at South Kensington, and a writer on Art—and a figure with the skin removed in the attitude of the *Dying Gladiator.* The limbs and torso of Thurtell the murderer, who kept a gig and was called *Gigman* by Carlyle, were remarkable for their brawn.

Charles Landseer, the Keeper, used to go round the Antique School and inspect the drawings every day, and we could hear his voice all over the place from his habit of laying stress on the last word he spoke. For example, "Putting your drawing through a course of *bread*?" When Fuseli was Keeper and a student held up his drawing, saying, "There, Sir, I finished it without using a crumb of bread," the answer was—"So much the worse for your drawing. Buy a twopenny loaf and rub it out."

Landseer was of middle height, and spare, well set up, his features slightly aquiline and well formed; he dyed his hair. He was good natured, courteous and dignified. But one day he addressed the students in these words—"I hear there is a Genius here,

recently arrived, a Genius of the first order, and his name is Walker, comes from Bath." He repeated this three times. The students giggled, and the individual named, horribly shy, felt inclined to sink through the floor.

We understood that Landseer's two sisters lived with him, he being a bachelor, and that they used to whistle, in company, behind a screen. Evidently on Sundays he amused himself by copying the pictures lent by the Dulwich Gallery, his copies, on a small scale, were hung, framed in gold flats, round his room. It was his duty to preside at the Lectures, and one evening his brother, Sir Edwin, called to see him, sat on a chair, put his feet on another, and went fast asleep. He was short and stout, with a high forehead, a short nose, a long upper lip, hair, moustache and beard as white as snow, and he looked like one of his favourite dogs. He painted his own portrait, with a dog looking over each shoulder while he was sketching, called it "the Connoisseurs," and presented it to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII. I believe I am correct in stating that none of the Landseers married, neither did Sir John Gilbert, nor any of his brothers and sisters.

If Landseer was doggy, Maclise was leonine; it was difficult to believe the former was the skilful painter (one of the last of those who wallowed in bitumen), he was such a comical figure; but Maclise was the most magnificent specimen of a man I ever set eyes on: as the lion surpasses all animals in courage and repose, so Maclise surpassed all human beings in grandeur and dignity. He was greater than his works; various and excellent as they were, they disappointed one after seeing the man. "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face,"

says Duncan, the poor fool who is murdered by Macbeth, and one feels like Duncan when looking at those death-masks in the National Portrait Gallery, because the head of Rosetti, who was "of imagination all compact," somehow looks poor compared to Sir Thomas Lawrence's, a mere *face-painter*, as Fuseli called him.

Order was kept, more or less, by an old chap named Lofft, who had been a sculptor: he did some teaching, but spent most of his time in a small den or office, up in a corner where, screened from view, he peeled and ate a good many apples. He was good natured enough, but occasionally his temper was tried when the students were obstreperous. Once he found his slippers filled up with crusts of bread as hard as bricks, which hurt his gouty toes. Accidents sometimes happened. Higgs once said, "Now I'll give you Jackson 'Aines," (an American skater), and in going backwards, he upset a pedestal with a bust upon it, which was smashed. Higgs was asked the question, "Which do you think the handsomest chap in the Academy?" when with the most serious face possible he replied, "Well, let me think—so and so is the third best looking, Vernéde the second, but to mention the handsomest, modesty forbids me to say." Higgs was, in fact, ugly. After leaving the Academy, he married the widow of a tallow-chandler.

The Secretaryship was held by John Prescott Knight, an excellent portrait-painter, and under him, as assistant, was Mr. Eyre, a Jack-in-office, who made himself unpopular.

Occasionally we were visited by George Jones, R.A., formerly the Keeper: he was a retired battle-painter, and the "double" of the Duke of Wellington,

for whom he was constantly being mistaken: but the Duke was supposed to say he had never been mistaken for Mr. Jones! Just the right height and build, with his clear complexion, Roman nose, square jaw, prominent chin, white hair, mutton-chop whiskers, top hat, blue frock coat buttoned up to the chin, military cloak fastened with a short chain and clasp, white trousers, Wellington boots and straps, he was the living image of the great soldier; he was polite, affable and ceremonious.

In March 1863, Princess Alexandra arrived from Denmark to be the bride of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII). The Prince met her at Gravesend, and brought her to London by rail: it was "Queen's weather," they drove in an open carriage through the City on the way to Windsor, escorted by the Guards with their bands. We students stood inside the railings east of the Portico, and had a good view of the procession, which came from the Strand by Duncannon Street, past the National Gallery to Pall Mall. The Prince waved his hat, the Princess bowed on each side, the cheers were hearty, the excitement intense. Those who walked out at night to look at the illuminations, did so at the risk of their lives, and to ride or drive was impossible. A friend—with whom I was then lodging in St. John's Road, Clerkenwell—and myself, managed somehow to see the Mansion House, but it was a desperate struggle, and down Ludgate Hill, a band of roughs, carrying sticks, umbrellas, torn cloths and crinolines, rushed, driving all before them; the police, apparently, being powerless to interfere. The only permanent record of the day that I remember was the picture by Holman Hunt of the crowd on London Bridge, lit up by beacons, which contrasted with the moonlight,

gave a fine and unusual effect.

At the Academy the Heatherley contingent was soon at home in their new surroundings. Ladies were then a novelty in art schools and galleries, and not at all numerous; they were all good workers, and most discreet. Louisa Starr, afterwards Madam Canziani, was small and pretty, and wore ringlets. Her mother, who frequently accompanied her to the lectures, was exactly like her, only a little older looking. M. Ellen Edwards, who gained the £10 Premium, and later on married John C. L. Sparkes, the successful master of the Lambeth School; Constance Phillott, two Miss Martineaus, cousins of Robert B. Martineau, who painted *The Last Day in the Old Home*, at the Tate, and daughters of the Rev. James Martineau, the great Unitarian preacher; Kate Aldham, and Helen Thorneycroft, a handsome red-haired girl and a member of the family of sculptors; I think these were all.

As might be expected, Alldridge took the silver medal for antique drawing, though H. H. Cauty from South Kensington, a drawing-master's son, ran him pretty close. I suppose I hadn't much chance, for when I said to Alldridge I thought I had a right to compete if I liked, his answer was, "You have a right to make a fool of yourself if you like." Cauty was very friendly, and I spent a pleasant Sunday at his home. He was an only child, very much like his father; they both had notably straight hair. Mrs. Cauty was comely, with a good bust; father and mother evidently proud of their son, without overdoing it. Cauty learned to paint very nicely in water colours. A picture of an anxious wife waiting for her husband, who is gone to sea, pleased me; but he gave up water for oil, and I remember his

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, and *Under the Greenwood Tree*, both in oil colour, in the Academy. Many years after, when I called at Burlington House, I found him master of the painting school, a place for which he was well fitted. He spoke of Sargent as one of the visitors, and remarked that all the students were trying to paint like Sargent, who apparently found it harder to teach than to paint: many great men do.

The next competition was in gold medal year, when 1st, 2nd and 3rd medals were awarded, the first entitling the winner to Life-Studentship. Theodore Blake Wirgman gained the first, Vivian Crome, grandson of Old Crome of Norwich was second, Edward Sharpe, son of the Engraver of Maclise's *Hamlet*, and his *Death of Nelson* in the House of Lord's Robing Room, third. This contest was the occasion of some rhymes by A. R. Davis, a handsome spare man with a long nose, an athlete and a good swimmer, of which I can only remember fragments:

"The first who made pace was the Father of lies. (Higgs)
And Alldridge swore loudly he'd nobble the prize;
With banter and chaffing, with laughter and song,
He kept up his spirits and rattled along.
But he came very grumpy, and told us one day,
How the cholera collared his handling away,
But they said, fellow-students are devils to carp,
He was ill of two *collarers*, Wirgman and Sharpe.
Old Crome . . . . . .
If he wins, and luck to him, we'd far better seek
Etudes a la Julien, not the Antique."
"With their Conté so fine, tra la."
"There's Holland returned to the scenes of his youth,
Grace, who draws in the spirit of, Lord knows, not truth."

Holland was an unfortunate who had been through the schools once, and was now going in for a second course. He never could draw from life, because he

always altered his drawing every time the model moved. He afterwards became a professional model himself.

Another sad case was that of Pickering, who had gained a life medal, and so continued to paint in the schools, having nothing else to do. As he never washed, his face, hair and clothes were all one colour, a dingy drab, and he looked half starved. He had two or three old canvases, on which he painted over and over again, after wiping off what he had done the day before, and he used to say, "You could not go wrong in oil, the material being so perfect."

Another amusing competition was presided over by J. C. Horsley, afterwards entitled *Clothes Horsley* in "*Punch*," on the occasion of his crusade against employing nude female models, in the interest of morality. Martin Colnaghi's portrait, which that old dealer bequeathed to the National Gallery, was painted by him. The model he had posed fastening his sandal, was a big, burly fellow, with a fine head, but a bad temper, who had to be called to order by the Visitor, for not keeping still. Millais afterwards painted him as *Jephtha*.

James Rolfe, now in the Charterhouse, gained a medal for a painting from life. Another silver medallist was Augustus E. Mulready, a grandson of William Mulready, R.A. An old student named Stuart, who had won a Life Medal from Holman Hunt, again frequented the schools; a great admirer of Maclise, he told us that his idol could not get on with his work in the House of Lords until two or three old brushes were found: similarly, Dickens could not write unless all his little traps were in order on his desk. Maclise was, as might be expected from his work, blind to "effects." When he and

F. Goodall, R.A. travelled together to Edinburgh, he had no eye for the mist which hung over the city; Sir Walter Scott's description of it in *Marmion* should appeal to the dullest reader.

While we were working in the Antique School, we attended Lectures on Anatomy by Mr. Partridge—who was fond of telling spicy stories—and a Dissecting Class at King's College. Solomon Hart lectured on painting, and whenever he said, in his deep bass voice, "the principles and practice of our art," and, "Gentlemen, I will not detain you much longer," the applause was loud and long. The lecturer on Sculpture was Richard Westmacott, a fine-featured, spare man, somewhat conventional in his phrases, who demanded closer attention than we occasionally paid him. We were in the habit of using our sketch books, and one evening he shouted, "Shut your books, gentlemen, or leave the room;" we did as we were bid, one of us, namely Alldridge, apologised, and the lecturer was appeased. Henry Alexander Bowler, not an Academician, taught us perspective. I was idle and inattentive, and am ignorant of perspective to this day; but the good-natured teacher was never cross with us, merely remarking, when he caught sight of a sketch I had made of him, that "he hoped to goodness I had exaggerated the bald patch on his crown."

Besides Pepper, who was at Heatherley's, H. H. Couldery did modelling from the Antique; later on he was successful in painting cats, and his pictures were photographed and published by Mansell & Co. in Oxford Street. But he was, I am sorry to say it, a solemn ass; and thought that Millais' *Apple Blossoms*, *Huguenot*, and *Black Brunswicker* were indecent! Could human stupidity descend

lower than that?

A really notable character was Henry Tinworth, another modeller, a simple genius, who without education or worldly wisdom, achieved considerable success in Scripture subjects. He exhibited first *Peace and Wrath in Low Life*, a high relief of crossing-sweepers quarrelling in the street. Many years afterwards I photographed his *Last Supper*, a terra-cotta, in Walsham Church, Suffolk. I imagine he never read any other book besides the Bible, and I believe Ruskin's advocacy added not a little to his reputation. Tinworth was much employed by Doulton & Co. of Lambeth.

Another sculptor was Potter, called Cipriani, after the old Academician whose designs were engraved by Bartolozzi. When Rose, the model—exactly like a Greek athletic statue, and who figures in Poynter's *Israel in Egypt*, and *Catapult*—was drowned, Potter remarked, "Ah yes, a wail of lamentation has gone up over the death of that poor duffer."

The National Portrait Gallery grew out of the Loan Exhibition of Portraits held for several years in the Annexes of the International Exhibition at South Kensington. The collection of National Portraits was housed at George Street, Westminster; one of the first pictures was that of Reynolds shading his eyes with his hand. When the Gallery was at South Kensington, I drew the Chandos Shakespeare in chalk for photographing. The Tichborne Trial was then going on. The attendants took the part of the Claimant, and were well trounced for their folly by a sturdy police constable on duty.

The Wallace Collection had been brought from Paris before it was besieged in 1870, and placed in the Bethnal Green Museum, where students were

allowed to copy on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, as at South Kensington, without restriction; but some of the treasures, particularly armour, were burnt in the Pantechnicon in Regent's Park, which was supposed to be fire-proof. A number of Dickens' letters also perished in the fire. At Bethnal Green I copied Reynolds' *Miss Bowles*, and also a Greuze, in water colour. One day Sir Richard Wallace was there taking miniatures and other objects out of the cases and shewing them to Princess Louise. Sir Richard was a tall, handsome man, turning grey, with a fine presence; his portrait at Hertford House is like him, but scarcely does him justice. Another day he presented himself at the National Gallery, unexpectedly, with a parcel under his arm. When he was admitted into the presence of the Director, he undid the parcel and produced *The Congress of Munster* by Terburg as his present. Hertford House had to be altered to receive the treasures; when it was finished, the collection was placed there. The National Portraits were then placed in the Bethnal Green Museum, where they remained until the present Gallery was built and presented to the Nation.

In those days, at the back of the Academy, was a street called Hemming's Row, demolished when Charing Cross Road was built. A well-known picture dealer—Joseph Flack—lived there. His shop was crammed with works of art, good, bad and indifferent: among the former, were the portraits of Mrs. Morland with a dog, now at Dulwich, and the husband and wife, on separate canvases, by Franz Hals, in the National Gallery, Nos. 2528 and 2529. But his stock mostly consisted of those cheap pictures, turned out in dozens by needy artists with assumed names. There were scores of views in

Venice, and other cities, imitated from Turner by *F. Moltino*, and many animal subjects by *R. Cleminson*, reminding one of Richard Ausdell, R.A. Earl and Armfield were two popular artists of this class, but much better than Cleminson. Flack, a self-made man, being very communicative, delighted to talk of his experiences. When he came up to London he "thought it strange if he could not get a living out of the four or five millions of people living there." He said to Cleminson one day, "Haven't you another name, Bob, besides Robert? Morris, Morris, the name stinks all over London." "Yes, my name is Robert Cleminson Morris." "Ah, that will do, call yourself Robert Cleminson." (His father was an artist, and the supply of animal pictures with the name of Morris on them threatened to exceed the demand).

Mr. Flack related the story of his courtship—how he had so many sweethearts that when he settled to marry one, he had to get rid of the others; so he wrote to each of them, asking her to meet him on the steps of St. Martin's Church at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. They all turned up at the appointed time, found out that each one was in the same case, and never troubled Mr. Flack again. He said "there was nothing like a steady married life:" a friend of his "was always in hot water, because he was always running after other men's wives." Flack had a room at the back of the shop with a north light, and there I painted his portrait.

A dispute about the genuineness of some pictures brought on a lawsuit, when Flack was called in to give evidence; he said that none of them were genuine, that such pictures "were brought over from the Continent in shiploads, and would be, so long as *flats* could be found to buy them."

HIS TEACHERS IN THE SIXTIES

Some few years ago my attention was drawn to an advertisement in the "*Times*," which stated that on application by post to a given address, a ticket would be sent to view a collection of pictures by old masters. On receiving a ticket, I called at the house in a large garden in Kensington; the door was opened by a servant in livery, and I was shewn into a handsome gallery with a grand piano and a polished floor. But the pictures, attributed to Raphael, Rubens, Velasquez, Wouverman, Teniers, Ostade, and the rest of them, were all frauds. In company with a friend who was on business terms with the owner, I paid a second visit, and was admitted into the house, which was spacious and handsome, and contained what professed to be modern pictures. Over the drawing room mantelpiece was a family group, described as a Romney. I ventured to suggest to the proprietor that it was more like Copley, but was instantly silenced. The pictures were afterwards offered for sale by auction, when not a single bid was to be had; the manufacturers of sham pictures had found a willing victim, and they had not spared him. I heard that the bailiffs were in the house. It is safer for those who do not understand pictures not to think of making money out of them.

Again, one of my fellow students, who shall be nameless, went down into the country to paint the portrait of a child and the owner shewed him over the house. The latter could not understand why the Royal Academicians had declined, with thanks, to accept the loan of his portraits by Romney for the Winter Exhibition; but my friend could—they were all copies! The unsuspecting owner had been in the habit of letting his house furnished, the tenants had evidently had copies made and placed in the frames from which they

removed the originals. Until my friend, himself a skilful copyist, went there, nobody had noticed the difference; and strange to say, he did not let the cat out of the bag. The dismay of the family if the time should ever come when they want to realise their property may be imagined. If I had been there I should as a matter of course, have opened their eyes, in the hope that the thieves might be traced, and the portraits recovered.

To return to the Academy. In due time we were admitted into the Life School, and drew from the draped model in the day-time, and from the nude in the evenings. The Curator in the mornings was a brother of George Jacob Holyoake, by name William; a good painter, a good teacher, and as tactful as he was kindly. He lived in Marylebone Road, and had the studio formerly used by Sir George Hayter, who painted the *Queen Victoria* in the Portrait Gallery, the *Passing of the Reform Bill*, and *The Trial of Queen Caroline*. When young Hayter, desirous of entering the Academy as a student, presented himself to Fuseli, then Keeper, he was told, at sight of his work, "In all you'll shine, and in this, you'll soar"; alluding to his miniatures. In his turn, Hayter was kind and helpful to C. J. Playfair, a promising student, and introduced him to Tussaud, the principal of the Wax Works Exhibition, whose portrait he painted and exhibited as *A portrait of a Gentleman*. I lodged with Playfair in Howland Street, when Simeon Solomon lived and worked there. Solomon belonged to the Rosetti set, and among other things, exhibited a fine picture of *Habet*, the Roman ladies turning down their thumbs in the Colosseum. Miss Solomon, his sister, was successful with two scenes from Thackeray's *Esmond*.

Holyoake painted *Ginevra*, who hid herself in the oak chest, from Rogers' *Italy*; and *The Home at Nazareth*, which was reproduced in the "*Illustrated London News*"; and he made a fine copy of *The Death of Major Peirson*, by Copley, in the National Gallery, for the Court House at St. Helier's, Jersey, just outside which building the event took place. I saw the copy hanging there when my father took me to the Channel Islands.

Now for the students again. John Grahame, who had gained a Medal in the Antique, tried for the Medal in the Life School, but was beaten by Claude Calthrop, who had already taken the £10 premium in the Antique School. Calthrop, a brother of John Clayton the actor, who played the part of Joseph Surface in *The School for Scandal* at the Vaudeville Theatre in the Strand, was a fine tall fellow, with a lump on his nose, and crimpy hair; athletic, taciturn, self-centred, and amazingly impudent. He forced himself into the Life School, without attending the Lectures, and in defiance of the Rules; gained the Gold Medal with his picture of *Noah's Sacrifice*, which was somewhat too reminiscent of Maclise's design, well known by the Art Union engraving: and later on painted the *Scottish Jacobites*, in the Tate Gallery. Going up to receive the Medal from the President and drunk with exitement, he waved his arms and almost danced, to the wonder of the students and the amusement of the Academicians, who took it all good humouredly.

One day, when he was drawing from the Life, C. W. Cope, father of Sir A. S. Cope, laid his hand on Calthrop's shoulder; with—"I see, *you* don't want much teaching." I do not remember that any other student ever got a compliment like that, for

Cope was no flatterer, but a conscientious and severe teacher. He advised James Grahame to give up Art, and take to some other occupation; when Grahame answered, "Well Mr. Cope, you seem to have done very well out of it, so I think there is a chance for me." But Cope was right, none of the Grahames ever did anything, and I have heard that John was discovered by his brother Alec, dead from starvation in his studio; that Alec died from the shock of finding him, and that James had a stroke on hearing of the double tragedy. They were all strong men, and had walked sixty miles in one day.

At the Academy, we not only had the best of teaching, but also excellent models; a great favourite was Westhall, an old dragoon, who was present at Partridge's anatomical lectures, and who stood in the attitude of the Archer who had wounded Richard I. in Lucy's picture—engraved for the Art Union—of *The Clemency of Coeur de Lion.* The winner of the Medal in this instance was C. B. Barber, a neat and dapper youth, who afterwards exhibited popular pictures, in which animals were cleverly treated. In his own person, he had the sort of elegance we admire in the greyhound. A student named Innes asked Cope if he had better make use of red chalk, and the answer was, "Yes, if you like, but we shall easily see through it."

I was admitted in time to be present at the distribution of the prizes when Frank Holl gained the Gold Medal for his picture of *The Sacrifice of Isaac.* Then he exhibited his own portrait, which attracted attention on account of the hawk-like features and shock head of hair. An indefatigable student, he continued to draw in the Life Class, as Mulready, lately deceased, had done before him. Holl's first

exhibited picture that I remember was *The Connoisseurs*, a studio scene of an anxious young artist, evidently poor, waiting for a verdict on his picture. Having a taste for gloomy subjects, he made his mark with *The Lord Gave and the Lord hath Taken Away*—a family at breakfast on the morning after a funeral. He produced a number of pictures which testified to his sympathy with the poor, the labouring, and criminal classes. At last, sorely against his will, he was drawn into the vortex of portraiture. His *Sir John Tenniel* and *Baron Huddleston* in the National Portrait Gallery, and *Samuel Cousins* at Burlington House, are fine examples of Holl's strong yet nervous manner. I was told that the last named of these was not pleased with his portrait. I wonder what he expected to get. Dr. Johnson was critical of his portraits by Reynolds.

Good-looking people are the best to paint, because they are easily pleased; they cannot very well find fault if their friends approve. Preoccupied and indifferent sitters are also useful. When the Earl of Mansfield was asked if he thought Sir Joshua's portrait was like him, he said he really did not know, his man always shaved and dressed him, so he had not looked in a glass for years!

At the time of his premature death from overwork, Holl had portraits in hand to the value of £17,000—a large amount in 1888. Abbott, who painted Nelson so often, died younger than his hero, and from the same cause as Holl. Richard Wilson, R.A. could not sell his landscapes, and would have starved if they had not made him Librarian. Whose lot was the hardest? Holl's or Wilson's? Abbott's, or his hero, Nelson's?

Having learned to draw from life, we were allowed

to paint, and then came our chance of making full use of the noble Institution—so severely criticised, not half appreciated; which has done so much to train the artist and educate the public.

It is well to look back at the fine Exhibitions of ancient and modern art, which we have enjoyed there, summer after summer, and winter after winter; to recall the illustrious names of the Members and Presidents who have, by their various talents, their strenuous labours, created and carried on the British School. Nor should Royalty be forgotten in this connexion. George III. was a most unfortunate ruler:

> "A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
> A worse king never left a realm undone."

He was mainly responsible for twenty years of war, the most disastrous in our annals until the latest catastrophe; but he did one good deed during his long reign, he founded the Royal Academy and deserves our gratitude for that. As Reynolds said in his first Discourse, "The numberless and ineffectual consultations which I have had with many in this assembly, to form plans and concert schemes for an Academy, afford a sufficient proof of the impossibility of succeeding but by the influence of Majesty." Again, "permit me to indulge my wishes, and express my hope, that this institution may answer the expectation of its Royal Founder; that the present age may vie in Arts with that of Leo the Tenth, and that the dignity of the dying art (to make use of an expression of Pliny) may be revived under the reign of George the Third." I think we may fairly say that the wishes and hope of the First President have not been disappointed. But it is amusing to remember that the National Gallery, not

founded until 1824—the present building not being opened before 1838, delayed in consequence of the debt left by the war—was first proposed by John Wilkes, the demagogue, George's particular aversion, and his opposite in every respect.

William Mulready, R.A. died in 1863, and in the next year an exhibition of his works was arranged at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington; the first one-man show I ever saw. Mulready might be called the successor of Wilkie, whose tradition of rustic subjects, fine technique and high finish he carried on. If I remember rightly his finest work was the *Whistonian Controversy*, from the Vicar of Wakefield. By this time artists had learned the folly of using bitumen, and in the catalogue of the Mulready Exhibition, every picture was noted as "in sound condition," or "cracked from the use of asphaltum."

In 1865, Ford Madox Brown, the father of Pre-Raphaelitism, exhibited his pictures at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. *Parisina*, illustrating Byron's poem, *Work*, with a Sonnet by the Author, *The Last of England*, also with a Sonnet, and *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* impressed me most. D. G. Rossetti was the model for Chaucer, the picture, much larger than the one now in the National Gallery, is in the Public Gallery of Sydney. A great genius, a fast and affectionate friend, Brown was a curious, cranky character; when Rossetti wrote to him an admiring letter, and asked to be taken on as a pupil, he armed himself with a thick stick, intending to give the youth a good hiding. But, convinced of his sincerity, and won by his charm of manner, he consented to be his teacher; so he set the poet of *The Blessed Damozel* the task of painting pickle-bottles!

When Sir Francis Grant drew attention to the fact that a stream of rose madder was running down his picture of *Christ washing Peter's feet*, he turned on his heel and walked away; and this in the Royal Academy, of all places in the world, where he was a rank outsider, and admitted only on sufferance.

The Exhibitions of the works of Maclise in 1870, Landseer in 1873, Rossetti in 1882, Leighton in 1896, Millais in 1896, Burne Jones in 1898, Watts and Sandys in 1905, were important events in my life: these Exhibitions, like the collected works of an author, enabled us to understand and appreciate the life and character of a great and representative man as we never could before.

In 1862 or thereabouts—on what occasion I never knew—some fine photographs of artists in fancy dress costume were taken. The series included Phillip, T. Faed, F. R. Pickersgill, Millais, Barlow, who engraved *The Huguenot*, Leighton, Watts, Calderon, Ansdell, Yeames, Stacy Marks, F. Walker, Prinsep, D. W. Wynfield, Holman Hunt, Birket Foster, J. D. Watson, Charles Keene, and J. S. Hodgson; they look strange to-day, with their beards and moustaches; the only clean-shaven face among them is Millais, posing as Dante.

The list of visitors under whom I worked, is a pretty long one; they were a fine set of men, at the head of their profession; easily accessible, kindly and communicative; each one attended the school for a month, and taught the method he himself practised. The way to learn was to follow the directions given. Occasionally one visitor would differ from the advice which had been given by another, but as their work shewed, each one was right, and students were saved from becoming imitators and

Thomas Faed

mannerists. The oldest of our teachers was Solomon Hart, who is represented in the Tate Gallery by *The Interior of a Jewish Synagogue;* He, when we were idle, would remind us of the fact that the Academy was "not a gossiping-shop, but a place for study." He succeeded H. W. Pickersgill as Librarian, and I always found him kind and helpful, even in the National Gallery, where I was copying. Old Pickersgill may be regarded as the last surviving member of the school of portrait painting founded by Reynolds, which included Hoppner, Jackson, Beechey, Abbott, Thos. Phillips, and Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.

Then there was the nephew of H. W.—Frederick Richard Pickersgill—he and Charles West Cope had been employed on the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and their work is also to be seen at South Kensington. Paul Falconer Poole who had made a great reputation with his *Job*, and *Solomon Eagle*. His *Vision of Ezekiel* is in the Tate. John Calcott Horsley, very successful with interiors of old manor houses such as Haddon Hall, with figures in the costume of the period. There is a sweet and pathetic picture by him in the Tate called *The Pride of the Village*, a subject from one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Tales.

Thomas Faed, was another of our visitors: he was one of those clever Scotch figure painters of whom Wilkie is the most renowned; sometimes humorous, sometimes sentimental, always racy of the soil, and therefore always interesting. Faed's *First Break in the Family* was one of the gems in the International Exhibition of 1862. John Phillip was another Scotchman, who travelled abroad and earned the title of *Spanish Phillip* from the success with which he drew

the life and scenes of the Peninsula, and the skill he acquired by the diligent study of the Spanish master, Velasquez. The Royal Academy possesses two of his admirable copies of the master, and his best known, and I think his last picture, the *Chat round the Brazero*, is in the Guildhall; *Murillo selling his pictures in the Market Place at Seville* was perhaps his finest achievement. He taught us to paint in a monochrome of red, white and black, called *murrey* colour, to glaze with yellow, and paint into the wet glaze. His death in 1867, at the early age of fifty, in the full plenitude of his power, was a great loss to the Annual Exhibition, to which he was one of the principal contributors.

A third Scotchman, no less distinguished, and a still greater traveller, was John Frederick Lewis; for after Spain, he visited Egypt. A lithographic artist, and water-colour painter, he took to oil somewhat late, and always worked in a water-colour method, preferring sable brushes in quills, and panel to canvas. On these he gave brilliant sunshine and the glow of the East, as may be seen in his two Egyptian subjects at the Tate. Purity of tint and microscopic detail were his special qualities; the *Siesta*, lately added to the National Gallery, is a good pendant to Millais' *Ophelia*; but I think his most astonishing piece of work was a narrow street in Cairo, with pure blue sky above, and the light slowly filtering down between the tall houses; detail, tone and breadth not surpassed even by the "little Dutchmen." He told us his wife cleaned his brushes and set his palette, and he always began to paint at eight o'clock. He never used the term *Mahl*-stick, but called it a painting stick. His home was at Kingston-on-Thames, he could not

John Philip.

have worked in the smoke and dirt of London.

I happened to be a student before Millais was elected Academician, so I was ready to receive his instruction when he took his turn as visitor. The first picture I saw by him in the Academy was *The Eve of St. Agnes*, from Keats's Poem, for which his wife had stood in the depth of winter, without a fire, in the famous bedroom, furnished for the visit of James I. at Knole House, Sevenoaks. It realised the beautiful description in the poem; and when I saw it at Burlington House after his death, I thought it the finest thing he ever did.

> "her vespers done,
> Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
> Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one,
> Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
> Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees.
> Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
> Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
> In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
> But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled."

By the students the appearance of Millais was looked for with unusual interest, for his career had been unprecedented. His precocity, equal to that of Morland and Lawrence; his courage in facing the opposition of the Press—which even Dickens had taken part in; Ruskin's chivalrous championship of him followed by his sensational marriage with Miss Gray, who had been for some years "Mrs. Ruskin"; and lastly—his acceptance of Academic honours, and his coming back to his old school to teach others what he had learned there. These circumstances made him notorious to the public, and illustrious in our eyes. Under Millais we drew in charcoal, fixed the outline in ink, and when dry, brushed away the charcoal, rubbed white thinned with oil over the surface, and painted

in the colours at once, a method he had learned from Etty. With all his genius and knowledge of the world, he was still a boy. He said to a lady one day—"You had better put those brushes on the dust heap, and get some new ones." I happened to be using a mahogany palette, when Millais once began working on my study—he said, "Why do you use such a nasty dark palette? You cannot see the colours on it—get a white one." I did so, and I have those two palettes still.

In the account of his funeral it was stated that his palette and brushes and mahl-stick were laid on his coffin; but he never used a mahl-stick when I knew him. He would come behind us, take a brush out of our hands, and put in a touch at arms' length with perfect ease and steadiness. When a student demurred at being advised to alter his drawing a second time, Millais appealed to the model then sitting—"How many times did I alter your arm in that picture, Miss————?" "Seventeen times, Sir John," was the prompt reply. (This incident was related to me by Edward Bach, who taught the monochrome method to the students in the National Gallery — Eves and MacEvoy among others. — Millais was not created a baronet until some years after I ceased to attend the Academy Schools). He invited us to see his pictures before they went to the Exhibition; he was then living at 7, Cromwell Place, South Kensington. The studio was built in the garden, the walls hung with tapestry, the ceiling panelled with oak; over the fireplace was a group of fowls by Hondekooter, the floor was covered with cocoa matting, tinted green. The window, looking north, admitted light from the floor to the middle of the roof, and was fitted with spring blinds, so that the

John Everett Millais

light could be as high or as low as required. The works we saw were *Rosalind Celia and Touchstone*; *Jephtha's Daughter*; *Asleep, Awake*; and *My First Minuet*.

Handsome, curly-headed, good-natured, and brusque, the portrait of himself which he presented to the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, is absolutely truthful. Such pictures as *The Romans leaving Britain* looked more lifelike than the real people walking about the exhibition rooms in which they were hung. His diploma work, entitled *Souvenir of Velasquez*, is very much like Millais, but not at all like Velasquez. He had exhibited *The Devil sowing the Tares* as his diploma Picture (it was one of his designs for the Parables in "Good Words,") but he was tempted to sell it, and gave the other picture instead. Old Christie, who had sat to Wilkie for *Knox Preaching*, in the Tate, was the model for the Devil, and a fine one; he had figured in many a picture. Millais also painted his *Moses* from him. He once was painted by Rosetti kneeling for a drapery study, and when they met afterwards, the artist laughed and said, "I nearly killed you once, didn't I?"

The life of Millais, by his son, calls up one vain regret, only one—that the career of this distinguished man was cut short by the same cruel disease that laid Gainsborough low, "just as he was beginning to learn to do something;" and that he was not spared to write his reminiscences, as his friend Holman Hunt did. *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood* is a priceless record of one of the most fascinating periods in the history of art, and the story of Millais' struggles and triumphs, joys and sorrows, loves and friendships, written by himself, would have ranked with the great works

of a similar character by Haydon, Cellini, and Vasari. Was the cancer in the throat, which killed him, caused, or only aggravated by tobacco? The last time I worked under Millais, he did not finish his month, for it was July, and his "heart was in the Highlands." So he handed his charge on to Henry Weekes, the sculptor, and went off to Scotland to his landscape painting, and salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting. Weekes, of course, could not teach us to paint, but he corrected our drawing, which sadly needed correction, and unlike the other Academicians, he mingled a little flattery with his criticisms, in order to make them more palatable.

Weekes occupied the premises in Eccleston Street, formerly owned by Sir Francis Chantry, whose assistant he had been. With his busts of Mulready and Stothard, he fairly rivalled his great master, who surpassed himself in the bust of Sir Walter Scott. The heads of Newton, Hogarth, Reynolds, and John Hunter, in Leicester Square, were all done by Weekes.

Samuel Cousins, the engraver, was also an excellent drawing master, and George Richmond, who drew the portraits of so many parsons—and got himself up to look like a Roman Catholic priest—did his best to make us draw grandly. Richmond, who, as a boy, had sat at the feet of William Blake, called his son William Blake after the great poet-painter. It is a misfortune to be given the name of a great man, for comparisons, though odious, are inevitable. Those tawdry mosaics, feeble copies of Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job, spoil the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral—Alfred Stevens, with his Wellington Monument and prophets in the

Dome, is the only man who has added anything to the grandeur of the building. I always think of it as I first saw it before 1870, and regret that the organ loft was destroyed, and the organ cut in two. The choir was much finer before than it is now.

Alfred Elmore and Frith complete the list of Visitors—Elmore was an amiable man and painter of subject pictures, he was said to abstain from tempting the models by over-paying them, so as to give his poorer brethren an equal chance with himself. His Diploma picture is a scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, but the one I admired most was *Marie Antoinette in the Tuilleries* being insulted by the crowd of revolutionary women.

William Powell Frith is best known by his *Derby Day*, a truly historical picture, an unfailing attraction to the public. Frith was one of the witnesses in the famous trial *Whistler v. Ruskin*, of which I give an account later on, and it is remarkable that the *Derby Day* should now hang in the same room in the National Gallery with Whistler's *Little White Girl* and *Fire Wheel*—One can imagine the scene in the Court—Frith regarding Whistler as little better than a charlatan, Whistler gazing at Frith through his eyeglass, and thinking of him as a "bad artist, and a good auctioneer spoiled." I can see Frith now, as he stood on the staircase in Trafalgar Square with one of his sons, a small boy, watching the men carrying up his picture of *Charles the Second's Last Sunday*, which made us all read once more the fateful scene in Evelyn and Macaulay; (but the King's head was out of drawing): and I wish I had witnessed the game of leap-frog played by Frith and Sydney Cooper in the exhibition rooms, while the pictures were being hung, when

they were both well over eighty.

Frith, shrewd and practical, would stand no nonsense; when a Scotchman, named Martin, on his work being found fault with, said, "I am only doing it for amusement," Frith answered roughly, "Don't you think you might do it *well* for amusement?" (Surely the Scotch are either more conceited or more modest than other men—Carlyle was typical of the one class, Burns and Scott of the other.) Of all the methods we were taught, that of Phillip seemed to me the best, and its soundness was proved by the signal success of Miss Starr. Having gained the Copying Medal, she went in for the Historical Gold Medal, and was the first lady to win it, with her picture of *David before Saul*. She was warmly congratulated. "There, Miss Starr," said Millais, in his bluff, hearty way, "I told you you'd get it if you tried." Miss Starr's portrait of Brian Houghton Hodgson, in the Portrait Gallery, holds its own with the works of Watts, Sargent and Holl; it is quite like an old master.

Another successful student was F. T. Goodall, elder son of F. Goodall, R.A.; patient and concentrated, he won the Turner Gold Medal first, and the Historical one afterwards. Goodall's second son, Howard, was a glorious youth, more frolicsome and less industrious than his brother. They travelled abroad, and in the Island of Capri, while at pistol-practice, the elder accidentally shot the younger, who lingered a week and died in agony. The unhappy survivor pined away broken-hearted. Their father, one of the most versatile painters of the time, immensely successful and opulent, having lost his first wife, married again, fell upon evil days, and died poor. Fairfax Murray told me that Agnew

G. F. Watts

refused to grant him an interview. Fancy an eminent and venerable Royal Academician being turned away like a beggar by a picture-dealer.

On December 10th, 1866, I was awarded the silver medal for a copy of Veronese's *Saint Blessing a Venetian Gentleman*, at Dulwich, and Cope said kindly to me in the Life School, "Ah, you were one of the victors the other night, you got the greys very well—Don't go to too many evening parties!" As they gave me the medal, it is to be presumed that mine was the best copy of the three; but Wirgman turned out to be a much better artist than I did. Haynes, the other competitor, I never heard of afterwards; he was notable among students for his strong attachment to the Church.

For the Gold Medal I began a picture of the subject with which Goodall was successful, but to the great grief of my father, failed to finish it. The subject was the magnificent one from the 19th Book of the Odyssey, Ulysses being recognised by Euryclea the nurse, who is washing his feet, by the scar on his knee—Penelope startled and wondering at the upsetting of the bath—the eager and affectionate welcome of her master by the old servant—the long-lost wanderer's fear of being discovered too soon—the lamplight effect—difficult for the greatest master to tackle. I called on Watts, to ask his advice, while I was designing my picture, and was most graciously received: the pity was that I could not profit by the good advice he gave me. Speaking of Watts, his dislike of short figures was so strong that when the Autotypes of the Sistine Chapel were published, he refused to have the one of Judith and her maid with the head of Holofernes, because those figures are short, though he ordered

all the others.

The unexpected happens in the Academy as elsewhere. Marmaduke A. Langdale, looked upon as a duffer, won the Turner Gold Medal against more promising competitors, who coached him ; they were George Seymour Hollings, who afterwards took Holy Orders, and Arthur Hill, called by Aldridge, *The Little Hillock*, a well-bred and affluent person, with good ability, who took to painting rather too late in life. The prize for Sculpture was awarded to Percival Ball, for a relief of *The Brazen Serpent*, over a group in the Round by Albert Bruce Joy, a pupil of J. H. Foley, R.A. This was the only instance in which we thought the judges made a mistake ; in every other case that I recollect, future events justified their judgment, and approved the pains they took to give honour where honour was due.

Joy, who died in 1924, was a successful sculptor. The case is a parallel to that of Flaxman, who was beaten by Engleheart. I saw a good deal of Barnard all this time — he remained a gay, light-hearted companion, full of jokes and puns, good-natured enough, occasionally critical and sarcastic. His father and mother and one sister lived at Highbury : the father, an aged and venerable man, with hair as white as snow, was the head of a firm of manufacturing silversmiths in the City. We used to frequent Gatti's Restaurant in Adelaide Street, where we had mutton chops, beef steaks, café au lait and cigarettes, and played dominoes. We had many walks together beyond Islington, in the direction of Barnard's home at night, singing snatches of a popular song :—

"Slap bang, here we are again, here we are again, here we are again,
Slap bang, here we are again, such jolly dogs are we.
We always are so jolly O, so jolly O, we always are so jolly O,
Such jolly dogs are we."

One night we heard Samuel Phelps, the veteran actor, read *Enoch Arden*, by Tennyson, then a new poem. On another occasion—it was Saturday night—we had private baths next to each other, during which we laughed and sang and beat time with our scrubbing brushes. Barnard, from the passage, watched me coming out through a sitting-room, in which were some old-fashioned and proper-looking people reading quietly, and he made a sketch of me, looking like a sleek old rabbit, and called it the *Entrance of the Maniac*. He would often draw me in profile like a fish, and represented me as the wondrous Liotard, a popular acrobat. Barnard illustrated an edition of Dickens, and produced a series of lithographs, including *Mr. Pickwick*, *Mr. Micawber*, *Bill Sykes*, *the Brothers Cherryble*, *Little Dorritt*, etc., which realised Dickens' creations as no other illustrations ever did, being more natural than those by Phiz—more spirited they could not be. The original water colour of *Jingle* in the South Kensington Museum goes beyond the comic, and is truly pathetic; the poor wretch sees in imagination the sure and certain end of all his tricks and knavery. He stands there defying the world. A great success was a large picture of *The Crowd before the 'Guards' Band*, also *The Jury in Vanity Fair*, from the Pilgrim's Progress, and *Saturday Night in Whitechapel*. In the carrying out of these three oil-paintings I fancy Ballard lent his aid.

Barnard's features survive in Sargent's *Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose*, in the Tate, the girls being

portraits of his daughters. He drew for "*Fun*," and the "*Illustrated London News*," but to his great disappointment he never could get on to the staff of "*Punch*." W. S. Gilbert shared his fate, and the *Bab Ballards* appeared in "*Fun*." Long after, when Gilbert met the Editor, Burnand, and asked him if he ever had anything good sent to him, the answer was, "Yes, lots of good things." "Then why didn't you put them in?" asked Gilbert. Sad to relate, Barnard was burnt to death, having given way to the habit of smoking in bed; not the first tragic event in this simple story.

I do not think that Barnard was present at a performance I went to of *The School for Scandal*, at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Benjamin Webster, then retiring from the Stage. Phelps was Sir Peter; Helen Faucet, Lady Teazle; and every part was taken by a star actor or actress. At the close of the performance, all the ladies, except Lady Martin, kissed Mr. Webster.

Crome was another "*pal o'mine*," to quote a popular song. Crome lived at Chelsea, and we often passed along Cheyne Walk, looking up wistfully at Maclise's house, and still more longingly at the mansion occupied by Rosetti. Maclise had finished the *Battle of Waterloo*, and the *Death of Nelson*, on the walls of the Robing Room of the House of Lords. Rosetti had recovered from the shock of his wife's tragic death, and was painting one of his finest works, *The Beloved*, now in the Tate Gallery. Though they were such near neighbours, Maclise and Rosetti never met, but they both did illustrations for Moxon's Tennyson, and Rosetti's criticism of Maclise's *Character Portraits*, and his enthusiastic praise of the Waterloo and Trafalgar paintings,

in his Collected Works, testify to his hearty appreciation. One of Ruskin's unforgettable phrases runs thus, "The bad colourist colours for the sake of realization, while the good colourist realizes for the sake of colour"; by this rule Maclise must be regarded as a bad colourist, and the very opposite to Millais, whose colour improved as he went on, while Maclise's got worse. Rosetti himself steadily improved as a colourist until 1873, from that time his colour deteriorated as his health declined, his complaint being insomnia, chloral, and Buchanan, as we shall see later on. Though he was not a general favourite, I found Crome an agreeable companion, and his illustrious ancestry prejudiced me in his favour. We did not always think alike, far from it; but though we often differed, we never irritated each other because Crome, while maintaining his own opinion, could always allow there was another side to the question. A great admirer of Dickens, he was "sick of Scott and his old clothes descriptions," and he did not care much for Thackeray: but he worshipped Tennyson, and used to talk about his "well-piled epithets." He was not fortunate at the Academy; disappointed at not getting the first medal in the Antique, he went in for the Gold Medal with a picture of *David*, which was not even hung; and I thought it hard on him. He said himself that his painting was "like ladies' work." The thoroughness of Pre-Raphaelitism was beginning to give way to *Impressionism*, and as F. R. Pickersgill remarked, the students seemed to dislike using little brushes. A portrait which Crome painted of his mother in mourning, which he called *Sad Thoughts*, and a picture of two dogs quarrelling, entitled *The Bone of Contention*, were not without

merit. I believed he would succeed as an artist, sooner or later; he went out to Burmah with his brother-in-law, a Government official, but I never heard whether he stuck to his art, or was given a public appointment. Crome was born blind, and his mother nursed him in darkness for a month; his sight was always weak; otherwise he was robust, a Volunteer and fond of soldiering. He introduced me to his mother, who was faded, patient, and wan; and to his newly married wife, whom I thought rather charming. Older than I was, and living mostly in London, Crome had seen Wellington in the street; his father said, "There, that is Wellington, look at him well, you will probably never see him again." The boy answered, "Is that Wellington, who beat Napoleon at Waterloo, that old man with an umbrella?" As it happened I never saw Crome's father. He had a stroke of apoplexy in the street, and was carried, dead or dying, to the nearest available place, which happened to be a workhouse, where the inquest was held. His son made a drawing of him after death, to the astonishment of the Master, who had never seen anything of the kind done before. Crome, with a thirst for recognition and notoriety, had a melancholy pleasure in all this.

Glancing back at the crowd of Academy students, I find I have forgotten Arthur Stocks, whom Alldridge called *Lumber* Stocks, the younger son of Lumb Stocks, R.A., the line engraver of Maclise's *Battle of Waterloo* in the House of Lords, for the Art Union of London, then occupying a fine house on the South side of the Strand. Arthur was good-natured, and even jolly. But being a staunch Churchman, he abominated Crome as a free-thinker

and a loose fish. A good steady worker, Arthur made a copy in oil from which his father engraved; the copy was painted in sections, the canvas being squared, and the wall-painting covered by threads to correspond, stretched on a frame: photographs also were made use of. Living at home with his parents in Hilldrop Road, Holloway, he had a studio in the garden, where, among other subjects, he painted a good portrait of his sister holding up her parasol. He had had a sunstroke, but seemed none the worse for it; he even said he painted with a more decided touch than before, but as he died young, though a great strong fellow, I think the sunstroke must have shortened his life. The father was very like the son, but smaller, with heavy lines in his forehead, and a bilious look as if the close confinement necessitated by his profession had not been good for his health. Engravers are proverbially more careful of their money than painters, because they find their work more laborious and their money harder earned.

Frith's *Derby Day* and Alma Tadema's works were engraved in line by Auguste Blanchard, a Frenchman: but the process was found to be too slow, laborious and expensive, and was being given up for autotype photographs and gravures. Samuel Cousins, R.A., was the last of the great mezzotint engravers; this process was also being dropped for a time, but book illustrations on wood were in great request, and it is pleasant to recall the masters of the art, John Gilbert, Millais, Houghton, Pinwell, Dalziel and others, and the fine work they did. Among my treasures are Gilbert's Shakespeare, and Tennyson's Early Poems, illustrated by Rosetti, Millais, and the rest, the worry caused by the publication of which

was said to have hastened the death of Moxon, the publisher.

But to return to the Students. Miss Edwards competed for the Perspective Medal, with a fine drawing of Conway Castle, with the Tubular and Suspension Bridges, but the prize was awarded to Cauty, his subject being the Interior of Westminster Abbey. Percy Thomas became a good etcher of architectural subjects. Ouless was a highly successful portrait-painter, in which practice he is followed by his daughter. *Like* Holl, whom he resembled in being most successful with men, he began as a subject painter, and then, by Millais' advice, took to portraiture: *unlike* Holl, he has had a long life, and has saved a fortune. His finest picture was a French chemist in his laboratory, but he is best known by his *George Scharf*, in the Portrait Gallery, in the act of drawing. It is well to give sitters something to do; sitting still is very hard work, as the bored expression on so many otherwise good portraits shows. "Make a finished sketch of every portrait you intend to paint, and with the help of that dispose your living model," says Sir Joshua; but comparatively few painters follow this excellent advice. They are too apt to paint in the head, without the slightest idea of what to do with the hands, which are added one at a time, and have little connexion with each other or the sitter. In the Portrait Gallery, Addison in his picture by Dahl, has stuck his left hand into his waistcoat, while his right hand is playing with a pen: the action is feeble and lifeless. In the next room you may see *Hogarth Painting the Comic Muse*; what a contrast! The little man is all alive, like every figure he drew. The fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by Lawrence,

at Windsor is spoiled by the hands; we know from his life how much better it was before they were painted in.

To go on with the list of Students. Wirgman painted some fine portraits; I particularly admired one of his mother, who was present when he took the medal; and he has done capital etchings from his own pictures. John Hanson Walker, the friend and pupil of Leighton and Watts, with whom I often worked at the National Gallery but not in the Academy, gained the Medal for copying, and has had a long and honourable career as a portrait painter. I well remember the advent of Hamilton Macallum, because he had such a queer little nose on a big fat face that the most faithful portrait of him must have seemed like a caricature. Always superbly dressed, in the height of fashion, as if he wished to impress you with his opulence, he was irresistably comic, like a favourite actor who raises a laugh the moment he appears on the stage. He became a marine painter, and made his name with *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*, a fisher-boy straddling in a boat.

A. F. Grace, who did well in landscape and cattle, was a hunchback, and though by no means irritable, was perhaps sensitive. One day the President, Sir Francis Grant, passed through the schools, and when he looked at the life-drawings, suggested that there might be more feeling for *Grace*. He was, of course, innocent of any wish to give pain, being totally ignorant of the students' names. A handsome fellow was Bertioli, sometimes nicknamed Poloni, which made him angry. An Italian, he was said to be good at fencing, but he got the worst of it in a bout at fisticuffs with John Grahame, who had

annoyed him by tipping his hat over his eyes as he was about to salute a lady. Robert Bateman, a tall stiff-backed, aristocratic person, had a studio in Wigmore Street, and wanted a fine model—Miss Augusta Jones—to sit for a witch; she I believe, objected. Three men, Potter the Sculptor, Wooldridge the musical amateur, and Edward Clifford (who painted portraits in water colour, made the drawing of General Gordon in the portrait Gallery, and accompanied Father Damain to Molokai, the Leper Island), started *The Art Quibblers' Society* in Conduit Street, Regent Street. I was present at a discussion on "Is Art a pursuit worthy of the devotion of a life?." Davis opened the debate in the affirmative, Bateman replied in the negative; many speakers took part. It was put to the vote, when the Noes had the majority. I have seen large pictures by Clifford, who was an admirer of "Bairn Janes," as he called him, in which were groups of people, holding Missionary and other meetings, with the heads cut out and pasted on. To my astonishment, Opie had done the same thing in his *Assasination of James I of Scotland*, in the Guildhall: the practice seemed to me much worse in oil than in water colour.

An obituary notice, and his portrait in the "*Times*," recalls another Academy Student whom I had lost sight of, W. H. Gadsby, a good fellow, who dining one day at a restaurant in the Haymarket, had an adventure. A drunken scoundrel refused to pay, and assaulted the Waiter, when Gadsby came to the rescue, and knocked the fellow down; happening to have a ring on his little finger, his blows inflicted more damage than he intended. Of course he was had up for assault and battery, but came off

triumphant, with the applause of the magistrate and the effusive thanks of the proprietor of the restaurant, who hoped he would always frequent his place and dine there gratis. Another student, A. C. H. Luxmoore, nicknamed "the pocket Hercules" a short, square, athletic little fellow, used to wrestle with Calthrop and John Grahame in the Dome. After drawing at the Academy he did copies at the National Gallery from Hogarth's *Marriage á la Mode* in water colours. The result of his studies was seen in some pretty pictures, illustrating Cowper's Poem, *The Task*, which he exhibited at the Academy; and other students, including myself, frequented the National Gallery, for the purpose of copying. In those days the Keeper and Secretary was Ralph Nicholson Wornum, and he lived there. Wornum was a big stout man, with perfectly straight white hair, deep lines in his forehead, and a slightly irritable manner; but he was an excellent official. Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., the Director, occasionally appeared in the rooms, all muffled up in comforters, and looking wretchedly bilious and ill; his friend, John Prescott Knight, did the best he could for him in the portrait which hangs on the stairs going down to the refreshment room at the R.A. The three pictures bequeathed by Samuel Rogers, the Banker Poet, famous for his breakfast parties, namely, Titian's *Noli Me Tangere*, Giorgioni's *Knight in Armour*, and Guido's *Ecco Homo* were hung about this time, and the great Veronese of *The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander* was bought for £13,000. When there was an outcry at the price paid, Ruskin said the hand of the middle princess holding the crown was well worth the money, as indeed it is. The

glazing of the pictures was only just beginning—the smallest first. We used to get up and put away our copies ourselves. On students' days the public were not admitted. The Gallery was not half its present size, the number of students quite small, the ladies being in a minority; now they greatly preponderate. Copying was then a lucrative occupation, and in the hands of a few; among whom "Old Paul" was the most conspicuous. An ancient Italian, named Morelli, used to make elaborate chalk drawings, of which he took photographs for sale. The improved methods have long since enabled photographers to reproduce the pictures directly, the colours being translated into a monochrome which gives their right relation; while colour prints are now everywhere obtainable in varying degrees of excellence.

C. D. Thurber

CHAPTER IV

Two Old Friends

CHARLES FAIRFAX MURRAY

CHARLES Fairfax Murray, whose acquaintance I made while we were working side by side—he in water-colour, I in oil—in the Venetian Room at the National Gallery—had begun life in an engineer's office in Parliament Street, Westminster, where his uncommon appearance and his talent for drawing had attracted attention.

His glance was direct, he had a baritone voice, a winning manner, an indescribable air of romance, shrewdness and ideality. His forehead was square, his eyes were brown, his nose slightly upturned, lips full, chin well formed but not too prominent, rounded cheeks, olive complexion, a fine crop of curly hair, "dark, but with colour in it." His figure was short and thick-set, muscular and bow-legged. When we got the Autotypes of the Sistine Chapel, we found a likeness of him in the man pulling on his cloak, just over the right hand of the prophet Daniel, on Michael Angelo's ceiling. (The figure above Jeremiah was equally like the profile of Diana Kingdon, a beautiful model who sat for Burne Jones and a few other artists; and Lord Byron might have sat for the melancholy young man with folded arms and a reading desk in front of him). Friendly, sympathetic,

but no flatterer—interested in the affairs of others without neglecting his own—Murray was a perfect companion for an hour or a day, at work or at leisure. Quietly concentrated, he always appeared to do his best, without effort. Never self-indulgent, nor moody—he neither ate nor drank too much, and he never smoked. He had no bad habits of any kind, but he often hummed to himself in a subdued tone the Gavotte in *Mignon*, Ambroise Thomas' Opera; he also sang an old seasong, just as quietly, the words of which were:—

"We care not for those martial men,
That do our States disdain;
But we care for those merchant men,
That do our States maintain."

Less demonstrative than I was; ready for anything that might happen, he regarded the world with an amused smile, as he remarked in one of his letters, "It is a rum world, one must walk warily." His countenance was almost uniformly calm and placid. When perplexed, but that was not often, he wrinkled his forehead horizontally. Long before he went to Italy or knew a word of the language, he was accosted in the street, near Victoria Station, by an Italian, who took him for a fellow-countryman. I often spent an evening with him in his bed-sittingroom in the Fulham Road, when he was making designs from Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market*, and Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. In the daytime he was assisting Burne Jones, and he once took me to his studio in Kensington Square. It was just the ordinary front drawing-room with three windows, all the shutters being open; there were lots of studies and sketches and unfinished pictures about. Those were the early days of that imaginative painter, before he had become the fashion and while he was surrounded by

only a small band of worshippers. He had already produced *Buondelmonte's Wedding*, *The Merciful Knight*, the small *Laus Veneris* and *Merlin and Nimué*. How different it all was from the outside world, and even from the world of Art I was accustomed to! The Morte d'Arthur, and Tennyson's Early Poems were revealed to my fascinated gaze. For the Dining Room at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, Burne Jones designed the fourteen small figures in the dado, and Murray painted them on the panels, which were let in from the back, like pictures in a frame. He did similar work for Collinson and Lock, antique furnishers and decorators, whose place of business was in Fleet Street. One of these gentlemen went to an inn, somewhere in Kent, and called for bread and cheese and beer, and was charged 10/6. The charge appeared rather high, so a mild protest was made. "Oh," said the landlord, "if you can't afford to pay, I will make you a present of it." "Thank you," said the customer, and off he walked.

By the kindness of the Keeper, Murray had been admitted into the Print Room of the British Museum a little before the required age, and of course he had made the most of the opportunity. We used to discuss the relative merits of Michael Angelo and Raphael, of Rubens and Vandyke; the rise, progress and decline of Art in Italy. He was always a student, and the last letter I had from him told me he had been studying *Tanagra* figures in the British Museum. Needless to say, we seldom differed; though he was four years my junior, he was the teacher, I was the taught. Whenever we met, Art was the one subject we never tired of; we were well up in its history, knew where to place the great and

little masters, to appraise the relative merits of the Pre-Raphaelites, and the contemporary painters.

But we did not agree on politics. Murray was a Tory, I was a Radical: he would never allow that the world was in any respect better than formerly. I thought many reforms had been effected, and many yet remained to be made, pessimistic though I was, and am still. Our recreations were music and the theatre. Murray had an American friend named Lathrup, and they took me to Covent Garden; the Opera was Don Giovanni, and Adelina Patti was the Prima Donna. I had been brought up in a Wesleyan Chapel and Sunday School, and had of course, never heard an Opera before, so my delight may be imagined, but not described. I saw my first play in the same good company—*the Rivals*, performed by John S. Clark, J. L. Toole and Lacy; Mrs. Stirling took the part of Mrs. Malaprop. It is not to be forgotten—the satire and drollery of Sheridan, acted and spoken by men and women who had just stepped out of Sir Joshua's canvases, and in a little theatre where we could see and hear perfectly, behind the Charing Cross Hotel, entered from Duncannon Street. Lathrup went back to America, and Murray described him to me in a letter long afterwards as "living on fruit dipped in alcohol, for fear of microbes."

Before I knew Murray he had stayed in the house of Sir Samuel Morton Peto, the railway contractor, who had built Somerleyton Hall, in North-east Suffolk; had been down in the great smash, but had come up again, though not so high as he was before; had retired from business, was married a second time and had a young family. Murray was there to draw their portraits; family

prayers were read every morning, which he was expected to attend; he spent his leisure in the Library, and among the books he came across were the tragedies of John Webster, *The White Devil*, and *The Duchess of Malfi*, which I had never heard of, though I became afterwards a diligent reader of plays, and a member of three Shakespeare Societies, to Murray's amusement; he had had the advantage of hearing the drama discussed by Rossetti and Burne Jones and Swinburne. I was astonished to hear him say years after, that plays bored him to read; probably he worked harder than I was aware of, attending auctions and at correspondence, and required rest; he never lost his love of Opera. His favourite composers were Mozart and Verdi. We saw Il Trovatore together; he thought Wagner common-place, and did not foresee his immense popularity. I remember him speaking with great admiration of Peto's son by his first wife, as a fine handsome fellow "just what a Prince should be like," he said "but never is." Though opposed to all reform, Murray had no reverence for Royalty. They went into Westminster Abbey together, and when a verger tried to patronise Peto, he was effectually snubbed by that young gentleman.

Another experience Murray used to talk about was his meeting a Roman Catholic priest, with a wonderful gift for telling a person's character from his handwriting; apparently all his guesses were correct: for instance, he told Murray he himself was on the right road in the pursuit he was following. A born collector, as bold as he was prudent, he was able pretty soon to surround himself with the things that he liked; one of his little extravagancies was collecting photographs of beautiful women, and on his

mantlepiece were to been seen portraits of the Duchess of Leinster, the Countess of Dudley, the daughters of E. M. Ward, R.A., Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Adelina Patti, Mary Anderson, and I don't know how many more.

Among the National Gallery students known to Murray when we first met, was R. J. Spencer Stanhope, a jolly Yorkshireman, full of chaff, and a wealthy amateur, who belonged to the Burne Jones set, and painted pictures something in his manner, with colour imitated from Titian. I heard that while boxing with Valentine Prinsep, he was so severely mauled that he had to get his face painted up in Bond Street, as he was then courting. Prinsep was a giant of the Henry VIII. type, and used to walk about with a dog almost as big as himself, as if he wanted protection! He painted some clever and vigorous pictures, illustrating Shakespeare and Browning, also the women marching to Versailles in the French Revolution, and the Durbar at Delhi when Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India; an enormous work, full of portraits. High up in one of the Courts at South Kensington are a number of portraits of great Painters, Sculptors and Architects, ancient and modern; they are full of character, correct in costume, and highly decorative. Each one is by a different artist, and Prinsep did the figure of Giorgione in striped tights, holding his palette and brushes, the most striking and effective of the series. Mrs. Prinsep was a daughter of Leyland, the Liverpool merchant, a great buyer of Rossetti's, and a generous patron of Whistler, who painted for him the famous peacock room, already decorated with Spanish leather. The peacocks were in fact painted on the leather, a piece of wild

Val. Prinsep R.A.

extravagance; as Ruskin says somewhere, "A Tintoret on beaten gold would be no better than one on coarse canvas. The gold would be merely wasted." When Northumberland House at Charing Cross—the last of the old Palaces which adorned the Strand, and which had been painted in Canaletto's pictures—was demolished, Leyland bought the staircase, and had it fitted to his house. His daughter married Prinsep against her father's wish, and was much relieved when he left her ten thousand a year, notwithstanding.

Murray was good at studies and portraits in sepia, and he did one of Burne Jones at his easel; he also drew his own father, then an inmate of the Charterhouse, in the same manner, and made him look very like W. P. Frith, R.A., as he actually was. It was impossible to go to the Charterhouse, and attend the service at the Chapel without thinking of Colonel Newcome.

Murray had a brother, named John, and a sister, and once we all met in their father's room. He too, was fond of painting, though I do not remember seeing any of his work; he used to ask "How's Rossetti?" which vexed his son. When Murray wrote, informing me of his father's death, he remarked "I certainly might have been kinder to him." All this was long before Herkomer painted his popular picture of the Charterhouse Chapel, in the Tate Gallery. Later on, Murray was grateful to his father for having given him the name *Fairfax*, because there were so many Murrays in the world of Art—C. O. Murray and David Murray among others, and the "Fairfax" served to distinguish him from the crowd.

In 1867 Burne Jones removed to the Grange,

North End, Fulham, where Samuel Richardson had lived, and where he wrote his absurdly over-rated novels. Has *Pamela* any interest for any human being, beyond the fact that it gave Fielding the cue for *Joseph Andrews;* and who can read Southey's *Vision of Judgment,* except that its dullness gives added brilliancy to Byron's poem with the same title? I think the Grange was one house which had been divided into two, the half occupied by E. B. J. having been spoiled by Victorian alterations; consequently at the house-warming party, Prinsep's dancing shook down the ceiling of the supper-room below; it had been too thickly coated with plaster, a fault the Queen Anne builders never were guilty of. I went to the house with Murray while the family were away, and Murray was left in charge of the studio; he was then, I believe, in the absence of the master, working on the series of seven pictures of St. George and the Dragon, which were to decorate Birket Foster's dining room. When that facile artist came to grief, they had to be sold. I must have seen these pictures in Kensington Square, but the later impression received at the Grosvenor Gallery, and the New Gallery dimmed the earlier. I distinctly remember a small water colour of Chaucer's *Dream of Good Women* as an early work, also *Cupid and Psyche,* in water colour; another I greatly admired was *Theophilus and the Angel:* a legend of the martyrdom of St. Dorothea. Murray was still assisting Burne Jones when, some time after 1870, he introduced me to him; the four pictures of *Pygmalian and the Image* (they used to call him Piggy) were then in hand; of these Murray made reduced copies in water colour. An almost faultless character, like his own father, whom I

never saw but heard of through Murray, Burne Jones did exactly the work he liked, was adored by his wife and children, to whom he was as devoted as they were to him, and was able to leave them well off. He looked the man he was: the bent form, the cadaverous face, the lack-lustre eye, shewed weakness of body; the serious expression suggested the student who had pored over the Classics, and gone deep into theology; the massive head looked as if the brain were teeming with imagination and fancy. Though plain, he reminded me of Heatherley, who, in his own way, was distinctly handsome, but was said to have *no back to his head*. Kindly and affable, Burne Jones asked me what I was doing, and when I told him I had given up painting, he said, "But you will go back to it again," and he was right, I did.

Rossetti and Morris were poets as well as artists; Burne Jones, more dreamy than either of them, put all his poetry into his pictures. An indefatigable worker, nothing interrupted him but illness, and then his happy temperament enabled him to defy pain and weakness; and terribly in earnest as he was, he could laugh at himself and his friends, as his caricatures testified. One practical joke he played which must not be omitted here. When on the Hanging Committee of the Old Water Colour Society, everything being complete, and no one in the room but a carpenter and himself, he suddenly ordered a picture to be taken down and hung the other way up, saying it was wrong; the man hesitated, but, like the astute gardener who, to please his new master, transplanted the trees with their roots in the air, did as he was told. Burne Jones, of course, supposed it would be noticed,

create a good laugh and get re-hung; but strange to say, it remained as it was until the close of the Exhibition.

Millais and Burne Jones, two proud and fond fathers, once met in the street, and began discussing their children, and what they did for them. Said Millais, "But you have never carried your daughter's breakfast up to her in bed?" "Oh yes I have," said Burne Jones, "often." There they were on an equality, but in painting their loved ones, it was the former who scored. Millais is generally admitted to have painted children with a freshness, facility and grace, never attained before. Burne Jones, looking at his daughter through Botticelli's spectacles, made her into a perfect fright. His *Beggar Maid* in the Tate is another scarecrow, and she has apparently caused King Cophetua to make a fool of himself.

Rossetti invited Murray to his house, encouraged him in his work and read his poems to him before they were published. Murray and I had rooms together at No. 1 Effingham Street, Pimlico. The first picture I saw by Rossetti was *Sibylla Palmifera, or Soul's Beauty*. This is the Artist's description of his picture:

"Under the arch of life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned, and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.
Her's are the eyes which, over and beneath,
The sky and sea bend on thee—which can draw,
By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem—the beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!"

Murray hired an extra room, and had it hung with Morris's pomegranate wall paper to keep the picture in, while he worked upon a copy which had, I believe, been started by Mr. Dunn. Sometimes Mr. George Howard, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, himself an amateur artist, and a friend of Burne Jones, would call on horseback to see Murray. When I first saw a photograph of Rossetti, I was disappointed; unfortunately for me, his face bore a superficial resemblance to Albert Smith, a public showman, who had travelled in China and other countries, and who gave a popular variety entertainment at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. I never saw the man, but his portrait was much in evidence. Neither did I appreciate Rossetti's poetry at first, but I have long since made up for my early lack of admiration. His personality was, like that of Blake, unique, and Murray regarded him with the greatest awe. He once said "All the man is in his eye," on another occasion, "You feel he could chaw you all up if he chose." He was indeed an uncrowned King, his house in Cheyne Walk, the Court in which he reigned; and like Courts in general, it was a scene of royal waste: one servant alone broke two hundred pounds' worth of those blue china plates, which had been collected in competition with Whistler, before they became the rage. Evidently they were not kept in glass cases, but did duty at the dinners occasionally given by their owner. At one of these G. A. Sala, the ready writer for the *Daily Telegraph*, was present, and sang a comic song of his own composition, a variant of one very popular at the time, on Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, famous all over the world as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and *Dred*. She had made the

acquaintance of Lady Byron, and published articles and a book in her defence; sympathisers with the noble bard being apt to blame his wife; here is one verse:

> "Oh dear, it is such an 'orrible tale,
> It'll make your faces all turn pale,
> Your eyes with tears to overflow.
> Oh, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe!
> She wrote an article in Macmillan,
> To prove Lord Byron an 'orrible willan."

and so on. Sala was a successful man: he used to say the *Telegraph* treated him like a prince, and paid him like an ambassador. Mrs. Stowe, "the little woman who made the big war," condescended to puff *Prang's Oleographs*, and called Michael Angelo's *Last Judgement* "that bloody bones picture." How strange that authors can be content to write on subjects about which they know nothing.

In one of my letters I suggested to Murray that Rossetti's pictures were so well adapted for etching from, the answer was, "There is something in Rossetti's simplest heads that makes it impossible for anyone to etch them satisfactorily except himself, at least I should think so if they were mine," and he was right. An etching was made from *Hamlet and Ophelia*, the pen-and-ink design of which Murray gave me a photograph, but it did not satisfy Rossetti, and therefore was never published. Though I am *in the trade*, I cannot criticize Rossetti's pictures as I do the work of any other painter, for it seems like profanation. In this respect he resembles Gainsborough, though so different; they both have a naivetè and charm of their own that seems to disarm criticism; their very faults make you like them better, their defects are more attractive than the excellences of others, and they were and are both of

them inimitable.

But the life of a man of genius is not usually a happy one—was ever anyone his own enemy to such an extent as Rossetti? He buried his poems in his wife's coffin, he ruined his health with chloral, and he fretted himself almost to death over the paltry and contemptible attack on his writings called the *Fleshly School of Poetry*, by Robert Buchanan. Not only so, he spoiled his own pictures, judging them by the standard he had himself set. I had a photograph of his *Lilith*, as it was at first.

Of Adam's first wife, Lilith it is told
(The witch he loved before the gift of Eve)
That ere the snake's, her sweet tongue could deceive,
And her enchanted hair was the first gold.
And still she sits, young while the earth is old,
And subtly of herself contemplative
Draws men to watch the bright net she can weave,
Till heart and body and life are in its hold.

The rose and poppy are her flowers: for where
Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed scent,
And soft-shed kisses and soft sleep shall snare?
Lo! as that youth's eyes burned at thine, so went
Thy spell through him, and left his straight neck bent,
And round his heart one strangling golden hair."

And then I saw it after he had repainted the head: he had ruined it. This picture has been reproduced by the Medici Society, and photographs of it in its first state are obtainable at Mansell's in Oxford Street; so my readers, if I have any, may judge for themselves.

He got back another picture which he had sold to Mr. William Graham, and made it worse; fortunately the owner had the repainting cleaned off, when the first picture came out of the ordeal unscathed, but it was never shown to Rossetti, who would no doubt have resented the interference with his work.

Millais managed better than this; thinking he

could improve it, he made an alteration to the background of a picture; when the owner expressed disapproval, he deftly removed the new work, saying "There's your picture as it was before."

"Dante Rossetti was a very fastidious writer, and I might add, a very fastidious painter," says his brother in the preface to the collected works. I imagine that fastidiousness is more dangerous in a painter than in a poet; the latter can always fall back upon his first draft, but the former is liable to lose what he has got, when he makes alterations.

Murray was very critical about *Dante's Dream*, which he saw in progress; and in his account of his brother's paintings and designs, William says, "the head of Beatrice herself, which Rossetti thought fit to change from a brunette to a blonde type. I, for my part, never regarded this as an advantage; the head was painted from a brunette, and the change in the colour of the hair, even had it been in effect beneficial, was less in unison with the mould of feature and the personal type. This seems to me one more instance of the rule that, when my brother recurred to and modified an old picture, he seldom bettered it." But none of Rossetti's poems seem to have suffered from fastidiousness. The sonnet objected to by Buchanan can still be read in the 1870 Volume.

Rossetti had as good a head for business as any man who ever lived, yet he allowed his money to slip through his fingers. A supreme poet, he wasted his time in correspondence with his patrons about selling his pictures, so the projected translation of Michael Angelo's sonnets, and the Ballad on Joan of Arc, never were written: through failing health he scarcely fulfilled his early promise as a painter, but we ought to have had more poetry from him: there

he shewed no sign of decadence.

All the other artists were content to exhibit their works, and leave buyers to come to them. The practice of receiving part payment while a picture is in progress, so necessary in the production of portraits, which are painted to the order of the sitter and interest him and his friends only, seems a mistake in the case of subject pictures, which may be sold to anyone. In his last days the work, for which he received part payment, but was unable to complete, weighed on him like a nightmare.

Murray often spoke of the good understanding that existed between the brothers Rossetti; how Gabriel would say, "Don't be a——fool, William," at which William was never even ruffled. The irritability of the one was overcome by the placidity of the other, and that was why they got on so well together. When William was engaged to be married, his brother made this rhyme for him:

"My name begins with W,
And her's begins with L,
With details I'll not trouble you,
I love her pretty well."

What a pity Murray never drew their portraits, he would have done justice to those two grand heads; the one all fire, the other all sweetness and repose! Watt's picture in the National Portrait Gallery is scarcely up to the mark.

At Rossetti's death, the auction sale of his effects was so successful that it more than covered his liabilities, largely owing to its being held at Cheyne Walk, in the house which so many desired to enter into, and were not able, in his life-time before the sale. Murray was then in Italy, and could not attend. He managed to possess himself of many things later on. Mr. Moncure Conway, the American

preacher at South Place, Finsbury, a hero-worshipper, was an extensive buyer. The reproduction of Rossetti's Proserpine, in Stevens's book, is from a copy by Murray; lest it should be sold as an original, after the erasure of Murray's name as copyist, he gave it to some Gallery, I am not sure which, but I think it was Melbourne. He also made a copy from Reynolds for Agnews, so like the original that they compelled him to remove the signature, which he had copied as accurately as the rest of the picture. It was great fun to him to have his work so highly appreciated, but to them it was no joke, for their reputation was at stake. They were sending it out as a *copy*, but they feared that years after it might be passed off as an original by someone less scrupulous or knowing no better, cause a dispute, and they would be accused of having uttered a forgery. The picture was one of the few the President had signed. I can only remember two others, *Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse*, and *Lady Cockburn and Children*. I never saw either the picture or the copy in question, but I understood that the copyist got more for the copy than Sir Joshua was paid for the original.

Murray was on such good terms with Rossetti, Burne Jones and Morris, that they usually addressed him, in letters and on postcards as "Dear little Muffy." He wished E. B. J. would not use postcards, as he kept all the communications he received from him; he doubtless kept those of Rossetti and Morris also. The most perfect handwriting I ever saw was Rossetti's, and Murray who knew him so well, and had often watched him at letter writing, said he never was at a loss for a word. Murray's hand was almost as good, free, swift, and

flowing, yet it never ran away with him, as mine did with me: his letters were always stimulating.

One day I saw Ruskin at the National Gallery, giving a lesson to a pupil on copying Turner; he clapped his hands, and spoke with the greatest animation. As he was leaving, I emboldened Murray, who was bashful and shy, to go up and speak to him. Murray had been recommended to Ruskin, who had expressed a wish to see him, but they had not met before. Ruskin evidently took to Murray at once, and finding him to be "a heaven-born copyist," soon sent him to Italy. Murrays letter to me from Florence, on his arrival, was not to be forgotten. "He could not believe that he was actually in Florence,"—the Ghiberti Gates—" they ought to blaze again with gold."

At Siena, he copied in water-colour the great fresco by Lorenzetti in the Town Hall, which contains portraits of the citizens walking in procession before the Virtues, who are seated on thrones. In the background of *Dante's Dream of the Death of Beatrice* is a view of this very Town Hall, painted from a photograph supplied by Murray at the request of Rossetti; how strange it seems that Rossetti never went to Italy! If he could have gone there before 1871, he might never have heard of Buchanan's spiteful and envious pamphlet; certainly his family would have kept it from him if they could, and his life might have been prolonged and less unhappy. I believe he used to say that if he once went to Italy, he should never come back again. A small man is liable to be overpowered and paralysed by the splendour and wealth of Italy; Rossetti would have been roused and inspired, as Reynolds was.

Murray married an Italian and settled in Florence,

where he ever after kept a home for his wife and family. His going to Italy so early in life was an inestimable advantage; being in love, he learned the language the more easily; he travelled the country from end to end, and acquired an unrivalled knowledge of Italian Art. He was most anxious to have children. I never thought about them till they came.

Of Murray's family, most of whom were handsome and well formed, two were educated in England, and two remained in Italy; an affectionate father, only too anxious to give his children the advantages he had lacked, he spared no expense. John, the eldest son, after being well coached in England, and spending some time at a Country Rectory, where lads were prepared for the University, went to Cambridge.

At Florence, Murray came across Mr. Landor, a son of the immortal Walter Savage, caricatured by Dickens and worshipped by Swinburne. An amateur picture dealer, Landor possessed a portrait reputed to be by Titian, for which he asked £400. Murray was tempted to buy it, but "went away sorrowful," not from the same cause as the young man in the gospel so admirably painted by Watts, but for the opposite reason—he had *not* "great possessions." He saw the picture the next day in a different light, when the name of Cariani occurred to him, and he decided it was by the lesser and not the greater Venetian.

Murray was not only clever, he was lucky; but as he said one day in the National Gallery, "How careful you have to be," looking at a little picture of a castle by Turner. "If I had seen that picture anywhere else, I should never have thought it was a

Turner." Mr. Landor, not possessed of his father's genius, was supposed to have inherited his violent temper, but though Murray gave him to understand that his Titian was *not* a Titian, he did not attempt to kick Murray out of the house (he probably would not have succeeded if he had), but took his adverse criticism in good part; this was owing to Murray's tact, and the frank, straightforward way in which he gave his opinion.

I never had the good fortune to meet either Rossetti or Morris; Murray once took me to the house in Queen Square where Morris then lived, having workshops for stained glass at the back, in which Murray himself worked. I saw the portrait of Mrs. Morris in the blue dress, with her elbows on the table, and a Latin inscription at the top of the picture, afterwards lent to the Tate Gallery; and a chalk drawing of each of the daughters—all by Rossetti, on the south wall of the dining room.

The friendship between Murray and Morris was as perfect and wonderful as that of Southey and Landor; Art was the bond in the one case, in the other it was Literature. Southey, the rancourous Tory, was the bosom friend of Landor, the violent Republican, to which the *Imaginary Conversations* bear witness; and Murray, the staunch Conservative, loved and adored Morris, the Socialist! Quite early in their friendship Murray painted a portrait of Morris to give to his mother; it was begun on a *kit-cat* canvas, but as Morris was too impatient to sit for the hands, the picture was cut down to head size, and so completed, "to the delight of his mother, the recipient." After Morris's death, Murray made three drawings of him in his coffin; I never saw either the picture or the drawings, but

near to the last time Murray and I met, he shewed me another portrait of Morris, which I was delighted with; it had the accuracy of a photograph, the quality of an old master, and was less pretty, more manly, and therefore, if possible, even better than Watt's picture in the National Portrait Gallery, good as that is. I hoped Murray would present his picture to Oxford, but I never knew what became of it.

When Burne Jones was made a Baronet, Morris was highly amused, and said, "We must mind how we behave ourselves now, eh, Murray?" I asked him how it was that Morris died at 62, though so strong a man, and he said, "There was not a part of him that was not thoroughly worn out." Says Morris in *The Earthly Paradise*, "Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time, why should I strive to set the crooked straight?" But he did strive, and he did set the crooked straight, and he killed himself in the effort. That was why Murray admired him so much; Murray, who never gushed, never exaggerated, never was influenced by name, or title, or wealth; who always treated me, his oldest friend, with as much consideration as if I had been his wealthiest patron or the greatest genius.

Murray was "a rum feller," with a keen sense of humour and appreciation of the ludicrous, he yet could never bear chaff. Neither could he take advice or look at any subject from any point of view but his own. The very name of Calderon was abhorrent to him, because Calderon was supposed to have made "a ribald joke on Mr. Rossetti." When my wife, than whom no one in the world was ever more appreciative and sympathetic, smilingly asked what the women in Burne Jones' *Mirror of Venus* could

see in the water to make them look so unhappy, Murray was distinctly annoyed, and would not attempt to answer her. When he returned to London after his first visit to Italy, he called upon his old landlady in Effingham Street, Pimlico, to whom, and her family, he had been very generous. In the course of conversation, one of them heedlessly made some allusion to Italian organ grinders, which so enraged Murray that he took up a chair, and dashed it to pieces on the floor; he never forgave them, nor they him. I was not present to know exactly what was said; I cannot believe they meant to insult him; I did my best to bring about a reconciliation with no effect, however, between them and Murray. If once he had a quarrel it was never made up. But how kind he was, how much I learned from him, and how he tried to encourage and help me! When I was desponding, he assured me "I was only suffering from temporary depression, which all artists, even Mr Rossetti himself, had to go through—that with a long life before me, I might do much in art." When I wrote to say I was beginning to paint again, his answer was, "Your letter pleased me"; Another time his warning word was, "Whatever you do, don't run yourself down," and "My friend, Miss Stillman, has ruined her reputation in Rome by running down her own work."

He gave me a set of six photographs of Rossetti's pictures which Rossetti had given to him, but which were otherwise not obtainable; he made life studies for the picture I was trying to paint of *Ulysses and the Nurse*. When I married he gave my wife and me the most pressing invitation to stay with him in Florence, and years afterwards he spoke of "our

long uninterrupted friendship, which had survived even the proof of marriage on both sides."

Among his gifts to me are two pictures, one of his own painting, and one early 18th century portrait, which I think now may have been painted by Highmore. This skilful artist, five years older than Hogarth, shews himself, in his illustrations to *Pamela*, no contemptible rival to the great satirist. The more we frequent our Galleries, the more is the truth forced on us—it is not that the greater men are overrated, but the lesser are not rated high enough. Murray gave me many books, he always knew what I wanted; the most precious to me is the 1870 volume of Rossetti's Poems, because of the pleasure my wife and I had, in reading them together. Morris's *Life and Death of Jason* accompanied the Rossetti book; I have always regarded the Jason as the masterpiece of the author—his Icelandic stories give me the shivers.

Leaving Morris for Ruskin—among the young Pre-Raphaelites, who gave up Art for other pursuits, was W. J. Stillman, an American, afterwards a special correspondent of the *Times* at Rome. He painted a picture of a dead stag in a rocky landscape, with a stormy sunset, which his friends highly approved of; all except Ruskin, who in his masterful way, made him paint out the stag, "that carrion" as he called it. By doing so he took away all the meaning and pathos of the design. One morning Rossetti, expecting to find it quite finished, called upon Stillman, but when he saw what he had done, said, "You've spoiled your picture!" and went off in a rage.

We are told that Nelson never saw fear; extremely convenient this, for a sailor, and Ruskin was as bold

as the great admiral; so courageous was he in Italy, climbing about the churches, and hanging on to the gutters and water-pipes while drawing the details of the architecture, that the sacristans tried to lock him out, feeling certain that he would break his neck, and they would get into trouble. He carried this recklessness into everything he did, flatly contradicting one day what he had said the day before. He delighted to run down Michael Angelo and Rembrandt, and to over-rate Kate Greenaway and Tinworth: courage had become crankiness. Having set the public right about Turner, and re-discovered Tintoret and Carpaccio, he aspired to the position of universal dictator, but neither Rossetti nor Burne Jones, to whom he had been so kind and helpful, could submit to his domination, which had become overweening, arrogant, and capricious.

Ruskin's attack on Whistler was as violent and as wrong-headed as any of the articles against Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites, which Ruskin himself had so convincingly answered. "I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." These were his words in *Fors Clavigera*, and in a letter to Burne Jones he says, "It's mere nuts and nectar to me, the notion of having to answer for myself in court, and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got in the public's head by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two." But Ruskin had shut his eyes and struck out wildly; Whistler was not a Cockney, but a Parisian Yankee, and he never had flung a pot of paint in the public's face; a more self-respecting and

conscientious artist never painted, and the only blow that really told was the "coxcomb." But Whistler had as much right to be a coxcomb as Millais had to be a sportsman, or Turner to be a miser, the only thing that mattered was—were they artist? Of course Whistler could do no less than sue Ruskin for libel. As Falstaff says to the Chief Justice, "My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous." To the people in the court, it was "as good as a play." To Whistler it was a question whether he was to be allowed to follow art in his own way, or submit to be crushed by a writer. He was in much the same position as Blake had been fifty years before, when Leigh Hunt published his damnatory articles in the "Examiner," and Blake was tempted to despair, because if the booksellers were ruled by Leigh Hunt, he would get no engraving to do; and his livelihood would be gone. Shelley, having apparently never heard of Blake, welcomed Leigh Hunt to Italy; what would have been his feelings towards him, if he had known how he had treated Blake—Shelley the chivalrous, the champion of the oppressed?

We are told that the action Whistler v. Ruskin was brought up before *a special jury*. Whatever that may mean, the men who composed it were no more fit to judge of pictures than so many sheep or geese; they thought Ruskin infallible, they themselves did not know a Whistler from a Titian. The portrait by Titian produced at the trial in order to convince the Jury that Whistler's pictures were not serious works of art, was no criterion by which his work could be fairly judged; it had not the kind of

excellence which he was aiming at. The only question the Jurymen were qualified to give a verdict on was that of libel. They knew perfectly well that Whistler was a struggling artist, and poor; that such a sweeping condemnation as that complained of was likely to ruin him with the public; that Ruskin was a rich man and given to throwing his money about when he rode his hobbies. Whistler claimed £1000 as compensation for the injury done him; the very lowest the Jury ought to have awarded was £500, and all costs to be paid by the Defendant. Their verdict was—damages one farthing, which the Judge suggested to them in his summing up, and they left each party to pay his own costs. It was an insult, not only to Whistler, but it seems to me, also to artists and art. Baron Huddleston, "toady and tufthunter"—as he has been called—looks very grand in his picture by Holl, but he behaved like a boor, admitting only with reluctance, that there was a libel; leaning all his weight on the side of the Defendant; ignoring the injury done to the Plaintiff, and trotting out the stale joke of the Portrait of George III. said to be found under a picture of Titian, which had been rubbed down in order to find out how the colour was produced. How differently would he have acted if one of his own profession had been reviled as Ruskin reviled Whistler!

"The whole thing was a hateful affair," as Burne Jones, who had been compelled by his friendship for Ruskin to give evidence in his favour, wrote to Rossetti. But "Little Jimmie" faced his tormentors gallantly. Said the Attorney-General, "Can you tell me how long it took you to knock off that Nocturne?" Whistler, "I beg your pardon?" (Laughter). Attorney-General: "I am afraid that I am using a

term which applies rather to my own work." Whistler: "Let us say, then, how long did I take to—knock off! I think that is it—to knock off that Nocturne: well, as well as I remember, about a day . . . I may have still put a few more touches to it the next day if the painting was not dry. I had better say then, that I was two days at work on it." Attorney-General: "The labour of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?" Whistler: "No; I ask it for the knowledge of a life-time." "But do you think now that you could make me see the beauty of that picture?" The witness then paused, and examining attentively the Attorney-General's face and looking at the picture alternately, said, after apparently giving the subject much thought, while the court was in silence for his answer: "No! Do you know I fear it would be as hopeless as for the musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man." (Laughter). To pay the expenses of the lawsuit, Whistler's property was sold off by auction, and he was made bankrupt. The case was as hard as that of Mantegna, or Rembrandt; except for this reason—they were getting old, Whistler had his best time in front of him. Ruskin's expenses were paid by a subscription among his friends!

Truly there is plenty of law in this world, but precious little justice.

It is interesting to note that the view of Battersea Bridge by moonlight, certainly one of the poorest things Whistler ever did—for it looks at a distance like a gigantic letter T—and had been received at Christie's with hisses, was after his death bought for two thousand guineas and presented to the Nation.

To the British public, led by the Press, Whistler's

case was amusing and ridiculous. From Whistler's point of view, and that of everyone interested in Art, it was serious and important. Twenty years before, the brunt of the battle had been borne by Millais, and it is difficult at this distance of time to believe how fiercely and persistently he was attacked. In 1878 Whistler had a similar battle to fight. In the fifties, the "subjects" of Millais and Holman Hunt were too serious, people preferred the namby-pamby; by the time Whistler appeared on the scene, they had got used to Pre-Raphaelitism, so they thought him a mere trifler, they could not see that, with his fresh way of looking at nature, and the inspiration he had derived from China and Japan, he had created a new art. Everyone fancies he can see this now, when looking at the *Little White Girl*, and the *Fire-Wheel* in the National Gallery. He who does anything original in literature or art has to educate his public, a still harder task; *too* often the men of genius misunderstand or oppose each other, as Reynolds did Wilson, in the 18th Century, and as Ruskin did Whistler in the 19th.

Whistler's ideas on Art were the precise opposite to those of the Pre-Raphaelites in every respect; they painted "subject" pictures: people were attracted or repelled by the titles, before looking to see if the treatment pleased them. Whistler's pictures were decorations pure and simple; from his point of view Art had nothing to do with literature, or history, or morality; his works were *arrangements in Black and Brown, Harmonies in Grey and Green, Nocturnes, Harmonies in Flesh-Colour and Green:* such are his own descriptions of his pictures.

Whistler may aptly be compared to Hogarth, the brilliant genius who laughed at dull artists, and

therefore made enemies; there is a group of these old fogies in the National Portrait Gallery (No. 1384).

The public could not not take Whistler's art seriously, because he wore a single eye-glass, and gave himself airs, and laughed at everybody and everything—Hogarth's rivals retaliated by saying he was only a caricaturist and no painter. Ruskin's hostility urged Whistler on to write, and he succeeded in writing as well as, or better than, Ruskin himself. Blinded by the same sort of prejudice, which until now he had been so successful in combating in others, Ruskin would not or could not see that Whistler had some of the very qualities which he had admired in Turner:—exquisite technique, a fine sense of colour and tone, originality of outlook, and the very thing he denied to him in his attack, infinite capacity for taking pains. Had Swinburne succeeded in bringing Ruskin and Whistler together in 1865, the probability is that Ruskin would have been attracted by Whistler as he was by Swinburne himself. For Ruskin was very much like Cowper, a Puritan by birth and education, disposed to be censorious towards those he had not come into contact with, yet friendly and affectionate enough when the opportunity for a meeting occurred. But if Ruskin and Whistler had been friends, we should never have had "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," surely the wittiest book ever written by an artist.

These two enemies were curiously alike; both gourmets and both affectionate sons with equally strict and pious mothers, who thoroughly trained them in the Scriptures—a fact that is evident enough in their writings. Swinburne wrote "Before the Mirror—Verses under a picture," the picture being

The Little White Girl: the verses ought to be under the picture now.

"Come snow, come wind and thunder,
High up in air,
I watch my face and wonder
At my bright hair;
Naught else exalts or grieves,
The rose at heart that heaves
With love of her own leaves and lips that pair.

I cannot see what pleasures
Or what pains were,
What pale new loves and treasures
New years will bear,
What beam will fall, what shower,
What grief or joy for dower,
But one thing know, the flower—the flower is fair."

But in 1888, Swinburne wounded Whistler to the quick by doubting his sincerity—this is Whistler's answer: "Et tu, Brute: Who are you deserting your Muse, that you should insult my goddess with familiarity, and the manners of approach common to the reasoners in the market place?" and again, "Do we not speak the same language? Are we strangers, then, or in our Father's house are there so many mansions that you lose your way, my brother, and cannot recognise your kin?"

The Pre-Raphaelite movement was a great one, and many of the brothers were great artists; they had done such work, both imaginative and realistic as had never been done before, but Whistler was as great in his way as any of them, for he saw the truths they had missed. *They* did not see the wood for the trees; *he* did not see the trees for the wood—They, like the ordinary person, saw the ugly warehouses and chimneys, the fog and smoke and dirt of the Thames; Whistler saw its *mystery and beauty*, and painted the river as no one, not even Turner himself, had painted it before. In other words—

the Pre-Raphaelites, in their fondness for pattern, and love of detail, were apt to lose sight of the general effect; Whistler, eccentric as he appeared at the time, unconsciously obeyed the dictum of Reynolds. "So far is my disquisition from giving countenance to idleness, that there is nothing in our Art which enforces such continual exertion and circumspection, as an attention to the general effect of the whole. It requires more study and much practice; it requires the painter's entire mind, whereas the parts may be finishing by nice touches, while his mind is engaged on other matters, he may even hear a play or a novel read without much disturbance. The Artist who flatters his own indolence, will continually find himself evading this active exertion, and applying his thoughts to the ease and laziness of highly finishing the parts; producing at last what Cowley calls "laborious effects of idleness!" A novelty and peculiarity of manner, as it is often a cause of our approbation, so likewise it is often a ground of censure, as being contrary to the practice of other painters, in whose manner we have been initiated, and in whose favour we have perhaps been prepossessed from our infancy; for, fond as we are of novelty, we are upon the whole creatures of habit. However, it is certain, that all those odd scratches and marks, which on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which even to experienced painters appear rather the effect of accident than design; this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence.

That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner, and the power it possesses of exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, I think may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed that his pictures, at the Exhibition, should be seen near, as well as at a distance. The slightness which we see in his best works, cannot always be imputed to negligence. However they may appear to superficial observers, painters know very well that a steady attention to the general effect takes up more time, and is much more laborious to the mind, than any mode of high finishing or smoothness, without such attention. His handling, the manner of leaving the colours, or in other words, the methods he used for producing the effects had very much the appearance of the work of an artist who had never learned from others the usual and regular practice belonging to the Art; but still, like a man of strong intuitive perception of what was required, he found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose.

It is no disgrace to the genius of Gainsborough to compare him to such men as we sometimes meet with, whose natural eloquence appears even in speaking a language which they can scarce be said to understand, and who, without knowing the appropriate expression of almost any one idea, contrive to communicate the lively and forcible impressions of an energetic mind. Gainsborough has been called the first of the Impressionists; Whistler may well rank as the second, and Reynolds' criticism of Gainsborough seems to apply equally well to Whistler, though written long before he was born.

A favourite phrase with Murray was "On the

contrary"; it followed as a matter of course that he could not put up with contrariness in others. In the Sistine Chapel, Ruskin drew attention to the Jonah, saying, "There, is that young man, that athlete, anything like the grumbling old prophet?" Murray was cross, and had nothing to say in defence of his hero, Michael Angelo; and Ruskin spoke of Murray as "the gentleman who dealt only in negatives." But Murray might have retorted that Jonah was probably a young man, which was some excuse for his rebellious attitude; that the expression of protest on his face, the pointing of the fingers towards Nineveh, the gourd, the fish, the woman, the child with the uplifted hand—prove to us that the great sculptor, compelled by a tyrannical Pope to paint against his will, yet spared no pains to tell the story. The eloquence of Ruskin was overpowering; Murray often had great difficulty in expressing himself, repeating the words "I mean" again and again. The more they discussed Art, the more Ruskin irritated him; for instance, such a remark as—"Mowis's poetry is *vewy* nice, as *shewey* and water is *vewy* nice," he could not stand; nor his attitude towards Rossetti and Burne Jones. He said once to me, "All those whom Ruskin has advised have turned round and cursed him," and "Turner never took him seriously, nor shewed him how to do anything." When Murray sent him the copy of the fresco at Siena, Ruskin did not acknowledge it, which was very strange, for it was a wonderful piece of work. But worse than all, he cut leaves out of illuminated manuscripts and books, and dispersed them, an unpardonable crime in the eyes of Murray, the sincere and ardent collector.

At last Murray ceased to answer Ruskin's letters.

I thought this a pity, and that he ought to have put up with the eccentricities of so great a man, and so good a friend as Ruskin had been to him. So far estranged did he become that he told with glee the story of Ruskin's writing a cheque for £1,000, and giving it to his cook, who cashed it before she could be stopped. This was in one of Ruskin's mad fits; no doubt his treatment of Whistler was due to the same cause, for Ruskin's medical advisers would not allow him to attend the trial.

Though not a fluent talker, especially when flurried as he was by Ruskin, I always felt that Murray had a good literary gift, and I used to urge him to write on Art; but the only books he found time for were the Catalogues of the Duke of Portland's pictures, and of his own collection of drawings. Each has a preface and fully describes every picture and drawing. The former includes Lives of the Painters; both not only testify to his knowledge, but are written in a good, clear, natural style, just like his letters. When the Duke of Portland came into possession of the Estate, "he wished to know what the pictures were good for"; so Murray went to Welbeck in the company of Mr. R. H. Benson, one of the Trustees of the National Gallery. The pictures were found to be very well hung, but a few changes were made at Murray's suggestion. Of the numerous portraits attributed to Vandyck, Murray believed three only to be by his hand: *A Senator of Antwerp*, the *1st Duke of Newcastle*, and *Charles II. as a boy*. There was an understanding with the Duke that no picture should be cleaned without Murray's supervision; but while he was in Italy, the last named was cleaned by the order of the Duke, who

was going to have a party, and wanted the picture to "look nice." Murray told the picture cleaner that before he touched it, it was worth £10,000, but afterwards he should value it at £2,000.

He intended to catalogue the Duke of Sutherland's pictures, but the intention was never fulfilled. However, he went down to Trentham for the purpose. At the station, the cabman asked for his destination, and to Murray's amusement, seemed over-awed at the idea of driving up to the front door, as Murray insisted. Some of the Sutherland pictures were sold at Christie's later on, and among them were portions of the altar-piece to which the *Cardinal blessing a Gentleman*, the picture at Dulwich, originally belonged. I never forgot a Moroni which had been lent to Burlington House, representing an ecclesiastic with a cap on, a book in his hand, and turning sharply round to look at you; it was dreadfully dirty, and one trembled at the idea of its being over-cleaned. It was idiotically called *Titian's Schoolmaster*. (Titian was born in 1477, Moroni in 1510). I believe Trentham has been given up, as no longer fit to live in, being in the midst of the Black Country.

Old pictures cannot be attended to without risk. Murray brought a Moroni from Italy, which was on canvas, attached to wood, and needed some restoration. He entrusted it to a picture-cleaner, but it came back so much injured in the process, that he never cared to look at it again, and he promptly sold it. The cleaner evidently knew he had failed, for he never sent in his bill—we all saw how the *Blue Boy* was ruined before it went to America. When Sir Frederick Burton retired from the Directorship of the National Gallery—or died, I forget which—Burne Jones told Miss Gladstone to tell her father, then

Prime Minister, and sincerely desirous to get the best successor, that "there *was* a person," meaning Murray, "who knew *something* about it!" Burne Jones considered that Poynter knew little or nothing, but somehow the Directorship fell to Poynter, who proved himself unfit for the post by refusing to buy the *Rokeby Venus* when it was cheap, leaving it for his successor to buy when the price went up so high that a subscription had to be raised, to which even some of the students contributed; Poynter did not like the Venus, presumably because it was so different from his own work. Through a similar want of judgment, the unequalled collection of drawings by the Old Masters formed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which in accordance with his will, was offered successively to the King, The British Museum, Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Dudley, at the low price of twenty thousand pounds was declined by them all, so the drawings, collected with such pains and care by the third P.R.A., were scattered to the four winds, and it is needless to say, singly and in small lots, fetched ten, twenty, thirty, or fifty times the money.

As an instance of an opposite mistake Sir Frederick Burton paid £75,000 for the *Ansidei Madonna*, and £15,000 for the *Equestrian Portrait of Charles I.*, just about six times as much as they were worth—*then*—so gaily did the Director part with other people's money, that he did not even have the Raphael taken down, though it was fifteen feet from the floor, and he was a near-sighted man—How could he tell it was the original, and not a copy? The ghosts of the old Duke and Duchess of Marlborough must have chuckled over the transaction if ghosts can still chuckle!

The consequence of this lavish generosity to a

family who had never "served their country for naught," was, that when the other Blenheim pictures came into the market, the nation had no money to spare, and the *Garden of Love*, by Rubens, a replica of the one at Madrid; two unusually large works by Wouverman, which went to Paris; and *Time Clipping the Wings of Cupid*, by Vandyck, were lost to us. The last named picture was so cheap that it was bought by Millais, who, as a rule, was not a buyer; at his death it realised a handsome profit.

Murray was prepared to accept the post of Director, if offered, and to give up all his time to the work; but he must have made far more money than the salary would have brought him, and was more than content without it. Two years later, Poynter was also made President of the Royal Academy, on the death of Sir John Millais. No man could possibly do justice to both offices, and go on with his own painting at the same time; Sir Charles Eastlake, it is true, was both President and Director, but I believe he had then given up painting: anyway, it was not a precedent to be followed. But one must not be too censorious, both men had done good work in their day; and students who worked under Poynter at South Kensington, tell me he was an excellent teacher, painstaking and interested in their progress.

We may well wonder how many of our American cousins who buy up old Masters care for such things, and how many of them merely follow the fashion, in order to display their wealth. Our great families are not only losing their love for Art, but in selling their ancestors' portraits, are sacrificing their family pride on the altar of Mammon. Following the example of Charles I., the English nobility

imported pictures from the Continent; the Italians and Spaniards, the Dutch and Belgians were glad to sell them because they were poor. Now we are poor compared to the Americans, who indulge their fancy for luxuries of every kind, like the ancient Romans, therefore the most expensive pictures now cross the Atlantic. As the facilities for travel increase, it matters less than formerly where the fine things are, so long as they are taken care of: but still it is humiliating to us for the great English portraits to leave our shores. The competition between New York and Trafalgar Square is disastrous to us. £70,000, the price paid for Holbein's *Duchess of Milan*, was surely too high, and the *Ariosto* by Titian was dear at £30,000, nothing but the quilted sleeve being in its original state; the head and the background had been badly cleaned and still more badly retouched. We could not keep Rembrandt's *Mill*, it went for £100,000; but the sky had been tampered with, judging by an etching exhibited in Colnaghi's window at the time—and the fine copy at South Kensington almost makes up for the loss of the original. It was hopeless to vie with the enormous offer made for *The Blue Boy*, and *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*, but we have the replica of the latter at Dulwich; it is in better condition than the original, on which the artist's signature could scarce be found, having apparently been daubed over with black paint. If we had been bitter, we might have indulged in a savage joy when we saw how Gainsborough's masterpiece had been dedevilled, but we took our leave of it "more in sorrow than in anger."

To go back to our early days, besides frequent visits to Hampton Court and Dulwich, Murray and I saw Grosvenor House, in all its glory, when *The Blue*

Boy and *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse* were there. There were six Claudes, *The Worship of the Golden Calf* I thought really imaginative. As a rule I find Claude dull. A *Lady with a Fan*, by Rembrandt, perfectly beautiful, also the *Falconer*, by the same master. But we did not see some Rubens which the catalogue told us had been brought from Spain; and I was destined not to see them. They were at Christie's on the 3rd July, 1924, but I could not get there.

At Bridgwater House we saw the great Titians *Diana and Actaeon*, *Diana and Calisto*, *Venus rising from the Sea*, and the *Three Ages*, and two, if not three Raphaels. At the house of Mr. Charles Butler, a wealthy retired banker, were two fine Luini's, which Murray had bought for him, also the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Titian, which after Mr. Butler's death came into Murray's possession. In the course of his life, Murray had no less than three Correggios. Mr. Butler had pictures all over the house, on the chairs and in every corner; and Murray tried to persuade him to get rid of those he did not care much for, and when a really good thing was going, to give the price necessary to secure it. He was apt to stop short and lose it. He might have had the Rubens—Mantegna—*Triumph of Julius Cæsar*, now in the National Gallery, if he had bid a little higher; but as Murray said, it could not be in a better place than it is in now. But we still need a fine work by Luini, the greatest of all the painters who came under the influence of Leonardo. (This want has now been supplied by the Mond Bequest . . 1924).

Murray was in the habit of going about London by 'bus or underground with a parcel under his arm, which always contained something choice, a water

colour, or pen drawing by Rossetti or Burne Jones, or some fine photographs or drawings by old masters. He was more careful than another collector, still living, never trusting his valuables out of his sight. That less fortunate one left such a parcel in a cab, when making a call; on returning to the cab, the parcel was gone: it contained drawings or etchings, with the prices marked, so the thief had only to make the best of his way to Paris, and dispose of them there: I never heard if any of them were recovered.

Murray paid me many visits at Bury St. Edmunds, always "bringing his sheaves with him"; on one occasion he brought Rossetti's water colour of *Lancelot and Guinevere at Arthur's tomb:* another time he had with him the pen-drawing of *Found.*

For some years Murray had a studio in Holland Park Poad, and there he painted the *Concert* picture in the Vestibule of the Palace Theatre, which he sold to D'Oyley Carte for £300; he was offered a like sum for the *Violin Player,* which he refused, but repented afterwards. I do not know whether he worked on it again as he intended. I saw also an illustration to one of Morris' Icelandic Stories, two groups of figures divided by a narrow stream; and there he painted *King's Daughters,* three figures seated in front of a fountain, which he gave to me: and *Love's Nocturne,* from Rossetti's Poem.

Murray used to say he was not ambitious, that he should be content if he could manage to live comfortably, which he had no doubt of; but I suspected that his being thrown so early in life into the society of Rossetti, Burne Jones, Morris and Ruskin, led him to under-rate his own powers, and despair of doing anything great; so causing him to

drift into the life of the dealer. As an instance of the same kind—he told me that Ruskin wanted to paint like Rubens and Vandyck and was not content to be a mere landscape painter as he might have been—so he applied himself more and more to writing, though he would "never have written a line" if he could have done what he wished.

Murray used to purchase big lots of drawings at Christie's, sort them carefully out, sell those he did not want, which paid for those he kept: and so formed a collection which became, I believe, the property of Pierpont Morgan. In his youth Murray was, under Pre-Raphaelite influence, prejudiced against the late schools of Italy and Belgium; as he grew older, he became more catholic, until everything was fish that came to his net, if only it was good of its kind. As a boy he collected penny prints, and took in the "*Autographic Mirror.*" When a man, he became the possessor of the engravings of Hogarth's works, one collection added to another. He had an autograph of one of Reynolds' Discourses, never published; Dupont's Articles of Apprenticeship to his Uncle Gainsborough, Flaxman's correspondence with the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry about the group of *The Fury of Athamas*, at Ickworth in Suffolk; Romney's Notes on Colours and Methods: we wish these could be published, when we see the invariable soundness of his work. We know only too much about the disastrous trickiness of his rival, the President.

Burne Jones and Morris used to give Murray their cartoons for stained glass when they were done with; these he had framed, and afterwards presented to the Birmingham Art Gallery, because Burne Jones was born in that town. By gift or purchase, he owned Rossetti's designs for stained glass, six in number,

of the story of St. George and the Princess Sabra. A commission, I believe, from Birket Foster, one of which the artist finished as a water colour, *i.e.*, the Casting of the Lots.

A drawing by Rossetti in pen and ink of his mother, also his wife's portrait in pencil, rather less than life size, with her head thrown back on the pillow; and the water colour of *Dr. Johnson and the Methodist Ladies at the Mitre*, done at Paris when on his honeymoon, the study of Launcelot and Guinevere for the wall painting at Oxford; the *Sphinx*, the *Boat of Love*, all belonged to Murray: also Millais' drawing in pencil of Ophelia, more beautiful even than the picture. Mrs. Rossetti, then Miss Siddall, was the model for Ophelia in the brook, and caught cold from lying in the bath until the water cooled.

Because Pre-Raphaelitism demanded much from painters, it demanded much from models. Millais painted a small niece of Mundella, M.P.: being a delicate child she suffered severely from being kept kneeling too long.

At the George Richmond sale, Murray bought the early portrait of Gainsborough (by himself) in a cocked hat, with the coat and background left unfinished; most valuable for learning the painter's method, and which he lent me to copy. It is now in the possession of Sir Philip Sassoon. The head of Dupont in the same collection, since reproduced by the Medici Society, Murray believed to be by Dupont himself, with possibly a touch or two put in by his uncle while it was wet.

It was in the Holland Park Studio that I saw the picture of *Found*, as Rossetti had left it, with the two figures, the church-yard wall, and the calf in the

cart, all carefully finished: the bridge and warehouses just indicated. A photograph was taken of it, and a small copy done in water colour, but the picture was, I believe, never completed. Millais could perhaps have painted this subject better than Rossetti, but Millais could not have written the sonnet:

"There is a budding morrow in midnight:—
So sang our Keats, our English nightingale.
And here, as lamps across the bridge turn pale
In London's smokeless resurrection-light,
Dark breaks to dawn. But o'er the deadly blight
Of love deflowered and sorrow of none avail,
Which makes this man gasp and this woman quail,
Can day from darkness ever again take flight?
Ah! gave not these two hearts their mutual pledge,
Under one mantle sheltered 'neath the hedge,
In gloaming courtship? And O God—to-day
He only knows he holds her—but what part
Can life now take? She cries in her locked heart,
'Leave me—I do not know you—Go away!'"

Why cannot artists collaborate, as the old dramatists did with such happy results? Murray painted a fine portrait of Mr. Crackanthorpe, K.C., and about the same time Mrs. Darwin, the widow of Charles Darwin, sat to him, for a portrait that turned out a great success, and led to his painting her daughter-in-law. This last was less satisfactory, yet a fine piece of work, though not flattering. Her husband wished it to be like, but the sitter was not pleased. In those days people were very exacting: they expected portraits to be better-looking than themselves, yet as like as photographs; now the public will put up with anything from artists who have made a name: those artists who cannot *afford* to be truculent, provide them with wax dolls, which please those sitters who prefer the pretty-pretty.

Murray's gifts to Cambridge caused him to be hospitably entertained there, and he saw something

of College Dons: the youthfulness of the eminent scholars astonished him not a little. When I was there, a lot of things by Frederick Sandys came into Murray's studio from a forced sale of his effects—the studies and woodcuts were lent by Murray to the Academy Exhibition in 1905.

A fine artist was Frederick Sandys, a native of Norwich, who made his reputation there before coming up to London to live. His potraits of old ladies reminded one of Holbein; his *Gentle Spring* in oil, his *Judith and Holofernes* in pen and ink, and his book illustrations entitle him to rank with the greater and more famous Pre-Raphaelites. His *Medea*, rejected from the Academy in 1868, called up a glowing eulogium from Swinburne in the pamphlet by him and William Rossetti. It was exhibited in the Academy after his death, and appeared again in the Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition at the Tate in 1923. But, not being prudent, Sandys was not prosperous. Rossetti called him "the Tomb of Loans."

We went one morning to Leighton's studio, hard by; the President was courtly and gracious: if only his legs had been straight, he would have been perfectly beautiful, with those fine features and that benignant expression, "Olympic altogether," as Murray had described the portrait of himself, which Leighton presented to the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; decorated with the Presidential Robe, Chain and Medal, and with the Freize of the Parthenon behind him. Murray had pleased him by putting in his way a fine portrait by Tintoretto, which was over his fireplace; and unless I am much mistaken, a vastly better picture than the *Morosini* lately added to the National Gallery, which is doubtless a fragment cut out of an altar piece, never meant to be seen close.

A full-sized copy on the staircase wall of Michael Angelo's *Adam* in the Sistine Chapel, by a Frenchman, astonished me, because the artist had taken the trouble to paint in the cracks caused by the gunpowder explosion; I should have thought the object of copying the fresco would have been to try to realise how much better it must have looked before the cracks were there.

I told Leighton I was an old academy student, but had failed as an artist; his reply was, "We can give instruction, but we cannot give genius." I said, "I am not blaming the Academy for my failure, it was entirely my own fault." The President was well-known for the kindly interest he took in all students and artists. But what a bad house he lived in, with those ugly black and gold decorations. It was difficult to believe that it had been built for the learned and elegant Leighton, or that he could possibly like it; the Arab Hall and Fountain surely deserved a better setting.

At Christie's Murray bought a series of portraits by Gainsborough; John Kirby, "the Suffolk Traveller," and his wife; their son John Joshua, the great painter's particular friend, next to whom he was buried in Kew Churchyard; Dupont, father of Gainsborough Dupont, his nephew and pupil: and the small *Lady and Gentleman*, now at Dulwich; the others are in the Fitzwilliam Museum. He gave up the studio because he would not pay the rates, and moved to Ravenscroft Park, Hammersmith, quite close to the railway station—too close for me, but it didn't trouble him. There he painted Mr. Benson, saying that a studio was "a convenience, but not a necessity." At this house I saw the *Europa*, by Veronese, which he bought at Christie's for £200,

and "allowed himself to be jockeyed out of" for £1200. It at once convinced me that the small one in the National Gallery is only a copy. The great picture of the subject is of course at Venice, one of the three is reversed. At the same sale there was actually another Europa, evidently genuine, and quite a different design, with a spacious landscape and sea-view, shewing how the subject had interested the painter. I wonder where that picture, which had in it many small figures, is now. A sketch for the *Death of Dido*, by Reynolds, I also saw in this house. I never saw the large picture of which Cunningham tells us—"the Dido, by the loveliness of her face and the rich colouring of her robes, drew immense crowds to Somerset House." It was exhibited in 1781, when the President paid his first visit to Flanders and Holland, in the company of Philip Metcalfe of Hawstead in Suffolk, to whom he dedicated his notes on the pictures. This gentleman's portrait is now in the National Portrait Gallery, having been presented by Mrs. Booth, one of the two beautiful Miss Metcalfes. It was rescued from the fire which destroyed the house. All the old country mansions are doomed to destruction, sooner or later.

At Hammersmith I met Henry Wallis, the painter of *The Death of Chatterton*, now in the Tate. This picture had a particular fascination for me, as also *The Blue Boy* because my father saw them both at Manchester, and described them in such glowing terms.

In 1898, when Burne Jones died, Murray took over the lease of his house, and moved to North End Road, Fulham, where his possessions were ever on the increase, and the studio was turned into a library: I do not remember seeing any painting in hand there. The entrance hall was hung with

portraits, among others the *Two Ladies in Blue* by Mytens, now at Dulwich; also the unfinished Reynolds of *Burke and Rockingham*, which was given to Sir Francis Grant by a gentleman whose life he saved in the hunting field. This picture, Murray gave to the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, *The Nymphs Sleeping by a Fountain* was there also. Murray found it in a broker's shop in Paris, and could not think who could have painted it, until he saw the signature P.L., which told him at once it was by Lely. The Morris wall-papers, which had been hung when Burne Jones took the house, were still there, after 30 years. Upstairs, in a small room, the walls of which were mostly covered with water colours, was a very fine Reynolds, of the Duchess of Gloucester, Horace Walpole's niece, or grand-niece, whose marriage to the Duke, her uncle in his excessive loyalty to the throne, took so much credit to himself for *not* helping to bring about. Reynolds also painted the Princess Elizabeth of Gloucester, the child of this marraige; her picture is at Windsor Castle. In a small room downstairs, was an unusually handsome brass *spider*, or hanging candelabrum, adorned with figures; also Rossetti's dutch clock; his conventional lion in pewter or some such metal; and the cistern and sink which he painted so often, as, for instance, in the water colour of Lucrezia Borgia washing her hands after poisoning her husband, and in the water colour in which the lady in 18th century costume has finally refused her lover, also the late picture called *La Bella Mano*, illustrating the sonnet in Italian and English. There was besides, Rossetti's sofa, for which he wrote Sonnet No. 5, Percy Bysse Shelley inscription for the couch, still preserved, on which he passed the last night of his life.

"Twixt those Twin Worlds—the world of Sleep, which gave
No dream to warn—the tidal world of Death,
Which the earth's sea, as the earth, replenisheth,—
Shelley, Song's orient sun, to breast the wave,
Rose from this couch that morn. Ah! did he brave
Only the sea?—or did man's deed of hell
Engulph his bark mid mists impenetrable?—
No eye discerned, nor any power might save.

When that mist cleared, O Shelley! what dread veil
Was rent for thee, to whom far-darkling truth
Reigned Sovereign guide through my brief ageless youth?
Was the Truth *thy* Truth, Shelley?—Hush! All Hail,
Past doubt, thou gav'st it, and in Truth's bright sphere
Art first of praisers, being most praisèd here."

Looking out of the window one day we observed that the cedars were dying of the London smoke and fog! I thought it a great pity, but Murray never allowed himself to cry over spilt milk, nor wasted tears on the dead. Although a member of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, he once remarked, "they might pull down all London," but he should not trouble himself about it. When Morris got up the memorial to the Italian Minister of Public Works, protesting against the *restoration* of Saint Mark's at Venice, to which I obtained the signature of Sir Charles J. F. Bunbury, and other persons of influence in and near Bury, Murray was "pleased with himself for having had nothing to do with it." This was in 1879. The fact is I had bored him by grizzling over the destruction of the Blue Coat School and Temple Bar and Northumberland House. Yet he enjoyed seeing Ely Cathedral, and Lavenham Church, and Town Hall, and Rushbrook Hall. I also took him to Barton Hall, while the Reynolds' were still there—George the Third's first love, Lady Sarah Bunbury "sacrificing to the Graces." The Miss Hornecks; Mrs. Bunbury the wife of the Caricaturist; the *Little Comedy*,

and Mrs. Gwyn, the *Jessamy Bride* of Oliver Goldsmith, who was in love with her, and of whose hair a lock was cut off after his death, which she kept as long as she lived, and *Master Bunbury*, which Sir Joshua willed "to Mrs. Bunbury her son's picture," which last afterwards came into Murray's possession. Barton Hall was destroyed by fire, but fortunately not before the pictures had been sold.

At North End Road Murray gave a luncheon party, at which I renewed my friendship with Edward Robert Hughes, the nephew of Arthur Hughes, one of the original Pre-Raphaelites. "Teddy" had been a beautiful youth, but I had not seen him for many years; consequently, though still a good-looking man, he was so much altered that I could not, as it were, get used to him again, but he was just as amiable as ever. I went home with him to tea at Edith Villas, West Kensington, where I met his uncle for the first and only time; very tall, very ancient, but still painting landscape only, I believe. I had not forgotten his pictures that I saw in the Academy, *The Guarded Bower*, and *Passing away saith the World.*

Teddy had a fine studio, where he drew good portraits in chalk, and painted pictures in tempera, which he exhibited at the Old Water Colour Society's Gallery, of which he was a Member: he also sketched landscapes in oils. He soon after gave up his studio, moved to Saint Albans, and died there after an operation. When we were first acquainted, Murray used to take me to the house in Beaufort Street, Chelsea, where Teddy then lived with his father and mother and one brother. There I saw Millais' *Ferdinand lured by Ariel*, and an artist's proof of Barlow's engraving of *The Huguenot*, a very fine piece of work. Teddy met Nolly Brown, brimful of

happiness at having just received a hundred pounds for his novel; he was the son of Ford Madox Brown, for whom Rossetti wrote the sonnet—

UNTIMELY LOST.

(Oliver Madox Brown, Born 1855, Died 1874).

"Upon the landscape of his coming life,
A youth, high-gifted, gazed and found it fair:
The height of work, the floods of praise were there.
What friendships, what desires, what love, what wife?
All things to come. The fanned springtide was rife
With imminent solstice, and the ardent air
Had summer sweets and autumn fires to bear:—
Heart's ease full-pulsed with perfect strength for strife.
A mist has risen: we see the youth no more:
Does *he* see on and strive on? and may we
Late-tottering world-worn hence find *his* to be
The young, strong hand which helps us up that shore?
Or echoing the No More—with Nevermore,
Must Night be ours and his? We hope: and he?"

On one occasion the boxing gloves were brought out, and Murray displayed his powerful arms; from shoulders to waist he was in fact much like Sandow, except for colour.

Most artists, unless they are of the highest order, or too self-centred, or wretchedly poor, like collecting, and collecting almost inevitably leads to dealing. Murray was by nature and circumstances an artist, a collector, and a dealer. Early in life he cultivated his critical—to the neglect of his creative—faculty. The critical faculty, indispensable to the collector and the dealer, is fatal to the art-student, unless it is subordinated to the creative faculty. Rossetti, the greatest genius of the nineteenth century, as Blake was of the eighteenth, was the least critical, the most appreciative of students and artists; and when he did criticise, he was the best critic. Thus it must ever be. Swinburne was just such another, his introduction to Chapman, in which he is

contrasted with Browning, is, I suppose, a masterpiece of criticism, impossible to anyone but a poet. It gave Browning the greatest pleasure. Lamb said Blake's criticism of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* was the finest ever written.

There is always the fear of the collector being sought after for his possessions, rather than for his own sake; this never was the case with Murray: instead of that, the things that belonged to him always derived additional interest from that fact. I admired the treble portrait of Cardinal Richelieu, by Philippe de Champaigne, in the National Gallery, but Murray had an early portait of the artist by himself, which I thought much finer; perhaps because it was Murray's.

When I first met him, he was scarcely out of his teens, he owned the clothes in which he stood up in and a few books and quires of note-paper; but he was a magnetic personality. At sixty, when he had become rich, one still went to see *him*, and not his pictures and books: they were only the background to the portrait, he himself was the attraction.

Yet, as he became less of the artist, and more of the dealer, he lost something perhaps of his early freshness and charm—some of his old reverence for the great men he had lived among: he never became less honourable and straightforward, less truthful, less manly, or less generous. But the atmosphere of the sale-room is not favourable to the cultivation of sentiment. How has that word "sentiment" been degraded, till it stands for something maudlin or false: but I mean true and noble feelings. In his quiet way, he was essentially public-spirited: he did his best to sell to the National Gallery a fine portrait by old Palma in the original carved frame,

even the iron ring of which was interesting as a specimen of Italian blacksmith's work, when we remember that the earliest member of the Rossetti family of whom we have any record was a blacksmith. He had picked up the picture in Italy, and his idea was that the best things should find their way into our National Collection. The Trustees, however, declined it, "because the subject was uninteresting," so Murray, who could not then afford to keep it, had to sell it to the Berlin Gallery, where it is highly prized. It was so like the "Flora" included in the Mond Bequest, that the same model might have sat for both pictures. The *Blue Closet* by Rossetti in the first exhibition at Wembley was curiously like the Palmas.

Allan Cunningham said of Reynolds, "his mind on the whole failed to expand with his fortune," he had no family to provide for: Murray had, yet his "mind" did expand with his fortune; witness his gifts to Birmingham, to Cambridge, to the National Gallery and to Dulwich. On the entrance to one of the rooms in this, the oldest of our Galleries, is an inscription:

In memory of
C. FAIRFAX MURRAY
(1849-1919)
A generous benefactor
of this Gallery.

Among the forty-six pictures which bear the label "Fairfax Murray Gift," is a replica of one of the Holy Families, by Raphael, at Madrid, the first picture he ever possessed; a Spagnoletto; and a Sebastion Bourdon, the rest being portraits painted in England by English and foreign artists: the finest of these is *Abraham Cowley the Poet as a Shepherd*

Boy, by Sir Peter Lely, which belonged to Horace Walpole and was at Strawberry Hill. The *Nymphs sleeping at a Fountain* is now hung in the lumber-room, where the copies are kept and where nobody is admitted, for fear it should injure the morals of the boys at The College! Its proper place is, of course, the National Gallery, where it would be a fit companion to the *Leda* of Michael Angelo, the *Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time* by Bronzino, and the *Rokeby Venus* by Velasquez.

It is too funny to see at Dulwich an absurd picture, not badly painted it is true, of a lazy old master giving the boys their lessons, while he is in bed with his pipe: a pretty example to set the boys! The picture is the work of a son of Clothes-Horsley who no doubt would have preferred his son's picture to Lely's; the latter being a nude subject.

Murray lent a fine *Holy Family* by Andrea del Sarto, which he sold his best MSS. to pay for. The Dulwich directors had labelled it as a gift, until I told them of the fact, when it was at once called a loan. At his death it was withdrawn, and I know not what became of it.

Another mistake I helped to rectify: a gentleman, unknown to either of us, whose heart was better than his head, was allowed to put Correggio's *Madonna of the Basket* in the National Gallery into a blue and gilt enamel frame, which made the picture look like a coloured photograph. When I wrote and told Murray about it, he represented the matter to the Director, the picture was put back into its old frame, and the good-natured donor of the new one induced to acquiesce in the second alteration.

I have just been reminded of Murray's service to the public in securing at a low price for the National

Gallery the four allegorical pictures by Veronese, *Unfaithfulness; Scorn; Respect;* and *Happy Union;* a circumstance I had forgotten: forgetfulness is my forte.

It was about 1914 that Murray moved from North End Road to Chiswick, and gave those pictures to the Dulwich Gallery. When he retired, Martin Colnaghi wanted him to take over his Gallery in Pall Mall, but Murray was able to do without the trouble and risk of such a speculation.

Our last meeting-place was at No. 4, Albemarle Street, opposite to John Murray's, the publisher; at the back were Agnew's premises in Bond Street. Murray had the first and second floors, and he sometimes painted in the latter. His place was crammed with oil paintings, water colours, books, manuscripts, Greek vases and other pottery, and the things were always coming and going. "This is where we keep our Turners," he remarked, when we were in the passage from one room to another; when I mentioned his gifts of portraits to Dulwich, which were anonymous, saying, "You follow the Scripture, you let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth," he said, "I can't make up my mind to part with any more." I told him he ought to have given the Gainsborough portraits to Ipswich rather than to Cambridge, because Ipswich has two Museums, one a modern building, another a fine Elizabethan Queen Anne mansion, Christ Church Park; and the portraits were no doubt painted at Ipswich; he said he had made a copy of one of the Gainsboroughs, and would send that.

Among the prints were contemporary woodcuts after Rubens, *The Garden of Love* was one; another was *The Triumph of Julius Cæsar*, after Mantegna, infinitely valuable because the original at Hampton

Court has been so much damaged by retouching.

I once saw a portrait by Vandyck of a man resembling Hall Caine: Murray remarked, "I don't like Hall Caine"; whether it was that he did not care for his writings, or because he regarded him with some jealousy as a later friend than himself of Rossetti's I cannot say; I never thought jealousy a weakness of his, yet I remember he did not think much of Theodore Watts-Dunton who was also a later acquaintance of Rossetti's than himself; but that may have been because Watts-Dunton was employed by Rossetti as a solicitor in the settling up the business of Morris and Company. Rossetti was one of the original shareholders and had to be paid out; in that affair Murray's sympathies would be all in favour of Morris, with whom he became more and more intimate while Rossetti was settling down into a home-keeping recluse, and proving the truth of his own verses:

> "The affinities have strongest part
> In youth, and draw men heart to heart:
> As life wears on and finds no rest,
> The individual in each breast
> Is tyrannous to sunder them."

On one occasion Murray showed me Millais' *Awake*, with the wonderful quilt on the bed,—which I had seen in his studio. Another time he had *The Fireman, or the Rescue* a quite early work, highly characteristic of Millais, so sincere, so strong. The last object of interest he drew my attention to was a fine bust in plaster, I believe by Rysbach, of some statesman, but we could not name it. Murray had then had a stroke of paralysis, had almost lost the use of his right hand, and did not speak quite so clearly as of old. I saw him no more. A second or third stroke carried him off. I shall not look upon his like again.

ALFRED NEOBARD PALMER.

On Wednesday, the 29th of November, 1922, in the Public Library at Wrexham, a memorial tablet was unveiled by Lord Howard de Walden to "Alfred Neobard Palmer, 1847-1915, Historian of Wrexham and its Neighbourhood, and Author of many learned works on the history of North Wales." The memorial contains a portrait medallion in bronze with the above inscription; its completion had been delayed by the War, now at last, in the presence of his widow, the people of Wrexham did honour to the man of science and letters who had lived amongst them for 35 years. An eloquent address was delivered by Mr. Owen, a fellow-worker in the field of antiquity, and the speeches by the Mayor and other citizens were no less admiring and truthful.

The list of books and pamphlets which called forth this tardy tribute is indeed a magnificent one, and would have been admirable had they been produced by a person with leisure, ample means, and good health; how much more admirable when the author is known to have struggled all his life against adverse circumstances of every kind. Two portraits of him are now before me; one of these suggests sturdy independence, and pleasant repose after toil; the other, taken twenty years later, shews him with an expression of despairing resignation, caused by mental and bodily suffering.

As a rule, the strong tyrannize over the weak, but more often perhaps than we are aware of, the weak tyrannize over the strong; Alfred was a strong character, and was all his life tyrannized over by those who were weaker than himself, but whose position gave them the advantage over him.

I cannot now say which I knew first, Palmer or Murray, because I met with one at Bury and the other in London; neither can I say which was the more faithful friend. They once met, to their mutual satisfaction. In their lives and characters they were as different as two human beings could be. Murray was successful and happy, because he started in life on the right road; his work was as pleasant as it was profitable. He saved a fortune, and left his family well provided for. Palmer's life was a tragedy, because the work by which he gained his living was uncongenial, unhealthy, and unsuitable to his delicate organization. His parents sealed his fate when they apprenticed him to a chemist. Too young at the time to have found his vocation, and too dutiful and conscientious to rebel or repine, he accepted his lot and did the work he had to do. But even he could not remain content to sell "pennorths" of pills. As it happened, his master, W. J. Coleman, whose shop was under the Town Hall in Bury St. Edmunds, was enterprising and ambitious, and started works for the manufacture of finings for wine, beer, and vinegar, also French and German mustard, and various other commodities of a like kind. A driving force, yet genial and pleasant; he used to say to his assistants, "Don't let the customers bully you." With Palmer as analytical and experimental chemist, and E. W. Nunn as book-keeper and traveller, Coleman was in a fair way to make his fortune. But he was restless and unable to persevere; no sooner did a line of business prove successful than he tired of it, and began something else. Palmer would have to prove to him that he would lose by the manufacture, before he would give up some wild scheme or other;

so unscientific and speculative was he.

Reckless and uncontrollable, his two faithful assistants were utterly unable to keep him straight; he became bankrupt, removed to Norwich, started afresh, and produced the much advertised stimulant called *Wincarnis*. At first with his usual good luck his name *Coleman*, commonly mistaken for Colman, the well-known mustard maker's, brought him much business he would not otherwise have had. But he was incorrigible, and doomed to fail in the end; his Norwich business, like his Bury one, passed into other hands; and so we leave him.

Palmer's parents were Wesleyan Methodists, his father being a coach-builder at Thetford; his mother introduced him to my father, who was Superintendent of the Sunday School, and Circuit Steward at Bury. Alfred became a Local Preacher, which pursuit he steadily followed during seven years. When he first began preaching, he was obliged to write down every word of his sermon, and learn it by heart; long before he left off he had acquired such mastery, that he frequently entered the pulpit without knowing what he was going to talk about; and his sermons were so sound and practical from the point of view of morality, that his hearers used to say to him, "That is the sort of preaching we want, that will teach us to live better"; the doctrines of entire sanctification and eternal punishment were too hard for them. He was so acceptable as a preacher, and maintained such an excellent character, that he was strongly advised by the Rev. Matthew Giles, himself an eloquent preacher, to enter the Ministry. But he had become unorthodox in his religious views, and could no longer conscientiously subscribe to Methodist

doctrines. His leaving Methodism was a sore trial to his parents, but much as it grieved him to grieve them, he could do no other than follow his own convictions. But parents find it hard to learn that as their children grow up they must and will go their own way, in thought and work.

Supposing that I, who had often accompanied him on his preaching expeditions, would cut him, as many others afterwards did, he confided to me his change of views when, instead of forsaking him, I also gave up Methodism. Our revolt gave a shock to the Society, and every effort was made to bring us back into the fold, but without success.

Meanwhile, Palmer's energy was boundless; he never lost an hour from business, he studied botany, collected and pressed wild flowers, he tried music and singing, at neither of which was he successful; he read history and poetry, as well as theology, and was a keen political reformer. When the War broke out in 1870, though no enemy to France, his sympathies were on the side of Prussia; but he was sadly disappointed when the victors demanded three times the cost of the War, before they would evacuate Paris. Then it was that Carlyle proved himself a false prophet, by writing the letter to the "Times," in which he denounced the French and championed the Prussians; he had become demoralized by writing the life of Frederick the Great.

Before Palmer left Bury we had many pleasant evenings at his comfortable lodgings, where we read poetry, history, and philosophy, and discussed religion and politics—these "nights and suppers of the gods" are among my most cherished memories.

Palmer and Nunn were retained by the speculators who purchased Coleman's stock and works at

Bury, and the business now went on smoothly enough. But there was not scope for Alfred's busy brain; he threw up his appointment, went to London, and obtained a post as assistant to Dr. Attfield, at the Pharmaceutical Society's laboratory in Bloomsbury Square. Thence he removed to Manchester, where he met his future wife, and her good looks, ready wit, and bird-like charm brought sunshine into his life. But the horrible climate of Manchester aggravated the hardship of his unhealthy employment as analyst in an ill-ventilated laboratory, under the management and in the services of a heartless and slave-driving company. Added to these troubles came the anxiety of a lover wishing to marry, but dreading the future with its uncertainties.

After Alfred left Bury, we corresponded frequently if not quite regularly; but we never lost touch with each other. When I married he sent me a copy of *Omar Khayyam*; he could not have chosen anything more exactly to my taste than that wonderful translation, or creation rather, of Fitzgerald's, which, published without his name, aroused the delight, the wonder and curiosity of the literary world. Later on, in one of his letters, Alfred spoke of it as "belonging to the literature of despair, for which I have now no taste." Evidently his own strenuous life had driven him to put away anything that savoured of self-indulgence or self-pity.

In 1878 Palmer married, removed to Wrexham, and became Chemist to the Zoedone Company, a prosperous concern for some years; when the business fell off, his salary was reduced. He bore this once, but demurred at a second cutting down, because the shareholders were voting themselves salaries for doing nothing. He then took employment at

a steel factory, and after that he was in some leather works. These last two employments were all detrimental to his health, and the harshness of his employers, equally trying to his temper. He was still cutting blocks with a razor, and hewing down oaks with rushes. But in spite of hard work and ill-health, he had found time to travel, he took an interest in Architecture and Archæology, he mastered the Welsh language, and acquired a knowledge of law.

At length and at last he obtained work which not only added to his income, but which brought out his peculiar qualifications, and was good for his health, for he was employed by the Government in scheduling and reporting upon Ancient Monuments, a work which he performed to perfection. He never said a word, so I wonder if it occurred to him, as it did to me, that if only his mother had placed him in a lawyer's office instead of a chemist's shop, his course would have been clear; he wrote a beautiful hand, he was extremely methodical, office-work would have been easy. With Law as his first study, Archæology and Architecture would have followed as a matter of course. He would have been spared the frightful suffering entailed by laboratory work, aggravated by sleeplessness.

His marriage was a happy one, his sympathetic and sprightly wife being a most suitable companion. I spent a day with them at Norwich, where I saw and heard more of the architecture and antiquities than I should have learned in a month without him as my guide. Later on I stayed with him at Wrexham, where he took me to Erdig Hall, the beautiful seat of Mr. Yorke, the eldest member of the Earl of Hardwick's family. The owner was a

fine old English gentleman, and gave Alfred many happy hours. But ill-luck dogged his path relentlessly, for his wife became for a time a nervous invalid: however, she recovered, and was afterwards able to accompany him in his rambles in search of ancient monuments.

Alfred was remarkably sensitive, and could not bear to visit the cemetery where his sister, his mother and his father had been buried; this appeared to me strange and even morbid in a brother and son who had never given his parents a moment's pain but once, and that was when he, from the purest motives, the most profound conviction, left Methodism. Generally so serious and even sad, he could be happy and even high-spirited when his cares were lightened, and he was able to relax; he used to tell me of the pleasure he derived from a pet dog, whom he evidently spoiled, for he was a terror to the neighbourhood. I am glad I never saw that animal, for I could not have put up with his ways—these creatures are an intolerable nuisance to all but their masters, as they were in Shakespeare's day. Launce's dog is immortal, but we could not endure him out of Shakespeare. In Sir Walter Scott's Life, or the Waverley Novels, or in Landseer's pictures dogs are in their proper place.

As a rule, Alfred was open-minded and ready to take an interest in any subject which presented itself. His visits to London were few and far between, and one day we found ourselves in Trafalgar Square, when I proposed that we should go into either the National Gallery or the National Portrait Gallery: I wished to be showman for once. I was a good listener, and always enjoyed his conversation, for he was better informed and better able to express

himself than I was; but there was one subject on which I thought I could teach *him* something, and that was painting. A bitter north-east wind was blowing, and the Gallery would at least be a comfortable retreat; but no, he wanted to walk up and down the Thames Embankment! How strange in a man who was always ill, who said in a letter that he was "all shrivelled up with the cold"; and above all, was a student of history and antiquities. He himself was tyrannizing for once! He was usually most modest in stating his opinions, and he had an involuntary habit of looking at his hearers to see if they agreed with him, which was very taking and very dainty; but in one of his later letters he gave himself away with the phrase, "I have a knack of being right," and I had to defend him against the consequent derision of my family—by this time he had become more self-assertive. In person he was small and plain; my top hat would rest on his shoulders, as my brother-in-law's would rest on mine. His face was pinched, his forehead high, his head dome-shaped, his complexion pallid. From his father, whose family were long-lived, he inherited his staying power, and his public spirit. From his mother, who, as well as his only sister, died of consumption, he derived his inquisitive and sanguine temperament and delicate health. His character had the old Puritan thoroughness without any of its narrowness or bigotry.

In manner he was old fashioned, frank and unobtrusive, neither too reserved nor too communicative in company; always pleased to see and welcome an old friend, open-handed, and hospitable. He died from pleurisy and pneumonia, which an attack of influenza had left him too weak to resist;

and with him passed away the most industrious person I ever knew, who did more hard work for less pay than any one I ever heard of.

While at Wrexham he wrote a novel called "Owen Tanet," a contemporary story of Welsh life; it was a failure, and he lost a lot of money over it, because his foolish neighbours persuaded him to publish it at his own expense: he himself did not think he had the novelist's touch.

CHAPTER V

The First President of The Royal Academy.

SIXTEENTH July, 1923. Two hundred years ago to-day, there happened an event of considerable importance in the world of Art; for on the 16th of July, 1723, Joshua, the tenth child of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds and Theophila Potter his wife, was born at Plympton in Devonshire. According to the Parish Register he was baptized on the 30th, and his name was entered as Joseph by mistake. There is much in a name—Sir Joseph Reynolds would not sound so well as Sir Joshua Reynolds, though I suppose his pictures would have been just as good, by which ever name he had been christened.

In the golden days of Queen Victoria, Suffolk was rich in the President's works, there were nine at Barton,—these have vanished, never to return; and only last week the county lost another, when the Duke of Grafton sold at Christie's for a trifling sum, a Reynolds which was the finest picture in the sale-room. There are still ten Reynolds's in West Suffolk; two at Bury, one at Bardwell, three at Culford, one at Elvedon, one at Ickworth, and two at Melford.

Devonshire has produced more painters than any other county, among them our two greatest, Reynolds and Turner; for though brought up at the barber's

shop in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, Turner said "You may put me down as a Devonshire man."

Two almost as great, Gainsborough and Constable, were natives of Suffolk. Comparisons are odious, but it is impossible not to make them; if *Captain Harvey* in the Guildhall by Reynolds is a grander portrait, Gainsborough's representation of him at Ickworth is a more beautiful picture; and if *The Fighting Temeraire* by Turner is more imaginative, *The Cornfield* by Constable gives a more intimate aspect of nature. While the two Devonians aimed higher, the two Suffolk painters were not less successful in what they attempted.

Often as I have been in St. Paul's, I had never gone above or below the floor-level; to-day I went down into the Crypt, and saw what might be called the Painter's Corner. There they lie —Reynolds, West, Lawrence, Leighton, Millais— Presidents; beside them, Barry, Opie, Fuseli, Turner, Landseer, Holl, Orchardson, Abbey, Holman Hunt, as near as they can be to Wren, and on the wall hard by is a tablet giving the names of persons who had been buried in the old Cathedral, among them Vandyck. At the Royal Academy Exhibition I had another look at Sir Joshua's portrait with the bust of Michael Angelo, George III. and Queen Charlotte in their Coronation Robes, Sir William Chambers, and other works brought from the Council Chamber and Diploma Gallery. In glass cases are arranged a collection of relics, the most interesting of all being the letter written by Gainsborough on his death-bed, begging Sir Joshua "as a last favour to come under my roof and look at my things, my *Woodman* you never saw"; a human document, hardly legible, which brings the tears into one's eyes. We know

that Reynolds did visit Gainsborough in answer to this note, that in his fourteenth *Discourse*, the last but one that he delivered, he spoke in terms as honourable to himself as they were appreciative of his great rival; that he barely survived him four years, after losing the sight of one eye, and being threatened with total blindness. Other letters are to be seen, a number of Reynolds' pocket-books, his spectacles, palettes, easel, sitter's chair, his watch and snuff-box, his loving-cup, spoons, inkstand, and blue coat—altogether a feast for the hero-worshipper: but what became of his ear-trumpet?

Eminent as they were, and much as they differed, both as men and as artists, Reynolds and Gainsborough had one fault in common—ignorance of anatomy; their pictures too often betray a want of knowledge of the human figure, and make us wish they could have painted fewer portraits, and more subjects requiring the study of the nude; this is the only defect we can find in Gainsborough's work. Each of their lives had its tragedy—Gainsborough's was cancer, he ought to have had another ten years of the time he was making so good a use of. The tragedy of Reynolds was his propensity for science, which tempted him to make experiments in colours and vehicles, and ruined half his work. From William Gaudy of Exeter he adopted the theory that a picture should have a richness in its texture as if the colours were composed of cream or cheese, and to realise that ideal he had recourse to wax and bitumen and other risky substances; consequently the two noble pictures of George III. and Queen Charlotte are in a deplorable state; and *The Age of Innocence*, in the National Gallery, perhaps the most popular picture in the world, is still cracking, having never really dried.

Feeling his responsibility as President, and anxious not to mislead the students, Reynolds prepared his Discourses with meticulous care ; but his evil practice was no less followed than his excellent precepts, and for a century English painting was to a large extent unsound in consequence.

The National Portrait Gallery clearly shows the great improvement in the work of the British School in the latter half—upon that of the earlier half—of the 18th Century, in every respect but that of permanency. If we praise Reynolds for the improvement, we must blame him for the deterioration. Occasionally Vanloo and Dahl, Jervas, Richardson and Hudson are wooden and lifeless, but there is not a symptom of decay to be seen in any of them. That Reynolds, with his thirst for fame, should risk his reputation by plucking at the forbidden tree, proves how complex was his character. He must have known he was wrong, for he would not allow Northcote, or any of his assistants, to use any but the ordinary paints, and he kept all his peculiar preparations under lock and key. Where was his "principle of honesty" which he "boldly recommended for imitation," when he took money for pictures which he knew would fade? Contented with the methods of Lely and Kneller, Gainsborough's technique was perfect. The study of his daughters lately added to the National Gallery, though no care had been taken of it (the Director told me it had never even been varnished), is now as fresh and brilliant as it was a hundred and sixty years ago. Art was enough for Gainsborough, his character was as straightforward as his painting.

The first President and his rival were equally prolific, and many of their works, wholly free from the

defects noted above, are to be found in the Galleries of London. What makes their pictures so attractive? The charm of a happy and dominant personality. Each painter has put *himself* into his work, the hand, in perfect training, laid on those magical strokes, and the genius of the painter holds you spell-bound. The beauty and the wit, the fashions and the history of the 18th Century live again on their canvases. Reynolds occasionally reminds one of Titian or Rembrandt or Velasquez, Gainsborough sometimes resembles Vandyck or Watteau; but it may be truly said of both Englishmen that they are at their best when most themselves, and least like other Masters. In Gainsborough's most characteristic productions, the landscape and the figures are of equal interest, as in the *Market Cart* and *The Sunset Landscape* with the waggon and horses fording a stream; there he stands alone. Reynolds's portrait of Garrick as *Kitely*, the jealous husband—in Ben Jonson's comedy of *Every-man in His Humour*, which holds its own in the company of Holbein, Rubens and Vandyck at Windsor—is utterly unlike anything else there. The superiority of Reynolds and Gainsborough over their contemporaries is most clearly seen when they happen to have painted the same persons; two instances will suffice: a good common-place portrait of the fourth Earl of Sandwich by Zoffany is in the National Portrait Gallery; the Earl was also painted by Gainsborough, and his picture in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, is a superb example, stately and dignified. In the Nelson Room at Greenwich is a noble head by Reynolds of Admiral Barrington—the National Portrait Gallery contains a picture which makes him look like a pork-butcher. All four pictures are obviously correct likenesses.

How did our painters appear to their contemporaries? "What frankness of nature in Gainsborough's landscapes," exclaimed Horace Walpole, "entitling them to rank in the noblest collections?" Thicknesse, the Governor of Landguard Fort, thus wrote: "Nature sat to him in all her attractive attitudes of beauty, and his pencil traced, with peculiar and matchless facility, her finest and most delicate lineaments; whether it was the sturdy oak, the twisted eglantine, the mower whetting his scythe, the whistling plough-boy, or the shepherd under the hawthorn in the dale—all came forth equally chaste from his inimitable and fanciful pencil."

Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., told us students that an old lady who had sat to Sir Joshua as a girl said she "did not care much for him—he was a very pompous little man." Common-place people can find only their own resemblances in whatever company they may happen to be. Now let us hear the opinions of two or three individuals worth listening to. When on their tour to the Hebrides, Johnson and Boswell stayed at Slains Castle, and this is Boswell's account of one little incident: "This room is ornamented with a number of fine prints, and with a whole length picture of Lord Errol, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This led Mr. Johnson and me to talk of our amiable and elegant friend, whose panegyric he concluded by saying, 'Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir, is the most invulnerable man I know, the man with whom if you should quarrel you would find the most difficulty how to abuse.'"

In *Retaliation*, by Oliver Goldsmith, we find these lines:—

"Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.

His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland.
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoilt . . . . . .''

And this is what Burke wrote, a few hours after his death:—"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the Art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of the Art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher. In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in Art, and by the learned in science, caressed by Sovereign Powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook

him, even on surprise or provocation: nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinising, in any part of his conduct or discourse. His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relation and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail and Farewell!" Northcote, Reynolds' favourite pupil, who lived to paint Ruskin as a child, loved to talk about his old master; and this is one of his observations: "Though Sir Joshua borrowed a great deal, he drew largely from himself; or, rather it was a strong and peculiar feeling of nature working in him, and forcing its way in spite of all impediments, and that made whatever he touched his own . . . . . it is this that has stamped him. There is a charm in his portraits—a mingled softness and force, a grasping at the end, with nothing harsh or unpleasant in the means—that you will find nowhere else. He may go out of fashion for a time; but you must come back to him again, while a thousand imitators and academic triflers are forgotten. This proves him to have been a real genius."

Old London is being gradually transformed into a bad copy of *New* York. Every building is threatened with destruction; Schomberg House in Pall Mall, where Gainsborough painted *The Honble. Mrs. Graham, The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm, The Blue Boy,* handsome Jack St. Leger, and the Prince of Wales, and where he died; has

become shabby and neglected, and is being encroached upon by the Automobile Club—a significant fact. I think the studio must have been in the garden, for I could find no room in the house fit to paint in. Reynolds's old house in Leicester Square is now occupied by auctioneers; the studio has been turned into a sale-room, but you may still walk up the marble staircase with the iron balusters bent outwards to give room for the ladies' hoops. The dining parlour is now used as an office; the drawing-room, which looks out into the Square, appears to be unaltered, and it is easy to imagine you see and hear the celebrities who were wont to assemble in those rooms—Johnson and Goldsmith, and Garrick and Boswell, and Percy and Burke, and Sir George Beaumont and Philip Metcalfe, and Sir Charles Bunbury over the wine; and Reynolds all attention with his ear-trumpet. Upstairs, Miss Reynolds, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Montague, and Hannah More, enjoying their tea. I never pass the house without fancying I see a carriage dash up to the door and a powdered footman ply the knocker. The Duchess of Devonshire sails up the stairs, Sir Joshua receives her Grace with his stately bow, and motions her to the chair, from which some ragged street-urchin, the model for the *Babes in the Wood*, has been hurried away just in time.

The love of natural scenery is modern, and the credit of starting it is usually given to the poets—Thomson, and Wordsworth and Scott; but ought not the painters to have their share? The landscape back-grounds by Reynolds, the mountain scenes of Wilson, the woods and fields by Gainsborough and Constable, entice us into the open to enjoy

the realities of which the pictures are the counterfeit presentments, and the taste has grown until all classes now enjoy a country walk, even without the inducement of either sport or profit. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street"—that was his idea of enjoyment! But who would walk down Fleet Street now for the pleasure of it? Wilson would have starved if they had not made him Librarian of the Academy, Gainsborough could not sell his landscapes, and Constable would have been better off if he had stuck to his mill. But the supply has created the demand, landscapes are now as numerous in exhibitions as portraits, and often fetch as high prices at Christie's. Art, which grows out of Nature, leads us back again to Nature.

CHAPTER VI

The Visit of a Victorian to the Academy

THE Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, 1923, bears on its title page the following quotation from the 12th Discourse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, December 10th, 1784 : " Nature is refined, subtle, and infinitely various, beyond the power and retention of memory ; it is necessary, therefore, to have continual recourse to her."

When the first President uttered these words, he was sixty-one, and the leading painter in Europe ; the Academy of which he was the head, and which owed so much to his teaching and example, was a model of what such an Institution should be, and was advancing year by year in efficiency and usefulness : " The dignity of the dying Art," to quote the 1st Discourse, in which he indulged his wishes, and expressed his hope, was " revived under the reign of George III."

" The Royal Academy Illustrated," published by authority of the Royal Academy, 1923, has for Frontispiece a picture in colours with the legend ;

" Bovril
Prevents that Sinking Feeling " ;

on the back cover is Treloar's Carpet, also coloured, which leads up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's. The art

in which we now excel is neither Painting, Sculpture, nor Architecture, but — Advertisement ! These decorations not only puff the articles specified, they also invite the visitors to view the Exhibition, very much as the pictures hung outside the travelling menagerie enticed the passers-by to go in and look at the wild beasts.

The beginning of the 18th Century was a period of decline in Art all over Europe; the Italians were daily becoming more imitative and mannered, only in Venice was any good work still being done. The French were either dull, pompous, and coldly academic, or affected and frivolous. In Holland the Great and Little Masters were all dead, and only flower painting still flourished. The English were dominated by Kneller, whom everyone serviley copied. When Reynolds returned from his Italian tour in 1752, full of enthusiasm for the Great Masters of the 15th and 16th Centuries, who had been practically lost sight of, and started in St. Martin's Lane by painting *The Boy in a Turban*; his old Master, Hudson, and the rest of his fellow artists said to him, "This will never do, it isn't in the least like Sir Godfrey, why, you don't paint so well now as you did before you left England." A less determined character would have given way before all this opposition, but Reynolds had the courage of his opinions; he appealed to the public, and the public responded and recognised his genius; his progress was rapid and triumphant; Hudson was eclipsed, Kneller and Lely were no longer admired, while the new favourite was declared to be as great as Vandyck. When in 1768 the Royal Academy was founded, Reynolds was unanimously elected President, and the vogue he had started prevailed for a century.

Then Rossetti and his friends went back for stimulus and inspiration to the earlier Masters of the 13th and 14th Century, the fresco painters, and the old Belgian School. They styled themselves *The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, and they studied nature with a thoroughness hitherto unknown in this country. When they were attacked by the Press, and ridiculed by the public, Ruskin espoused their cause, their energy and talents, and with his potent championship, carried the day. Millais eventually became President, and the others would have been admitted into the Academy if they had not held aloof.

Once again British Art is languishing and waits for revival; when and how is it to be revived? Why did the Council of the Academy put that quotation on their title page? Were they serious or ironical? For indeed, the general impression you get is, that the pictures, unlike nature, are neither refined, subtle, nor various; but on the contrary, are coarse, crude, and monotonous. The one outstanding fact is that raw and violent colour has fallen upon the exhibition like a blight, so that the black and white reproductions are vastly less unpleasant to look at than the pictures themselves; and all the while reminiscences of the glorious works, both ancient and modern, that used to adorn those walls, Summer after Summer, and Winter after Winter, come like ghosts of the departed. Portraits and landscapes mainly divide the wall-space between them, and they are of two orders, the flashy and the dull. A lady, eminent in the world of fashion and diplomacy, is made to look like an advertisement for Boots' toilet preparations; another is notable for unnaturally staring eyes, and the ugly pose of a bare and skinny arm. A hunting

gentleman, a law lord, and a lady doctor have all the same faults—harsh shadows and forced lights, making them look like cast-iron. The dull portrait pictures include many groups of mothers and children, scientific and literary men, bishops, head-masters of schools, and others ; almost every painter is a confirmed mannerist, and imitates himself. As Reynolds said of his early rivals, " They have got a set of postures, which they apply to all persons indiscriminately, the consequence is that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings." The faces by one painter are as characterless as wax dolls, another's are all of the colour of snuff, those of a third are as uncouth as if carved and painted by the village wheelwright or ship's carpenter; while a curious eccentricity frequently insists on attracting attention, and that is the use of a canvas so coarse that it can be seen even from the opposite side of the room. One day, when looking round the Exhibition in Somerset House at Reynolds's pictures, Gainsborough exclaimed, " How various he is," and there is also a marvellous variety in the portraits of the Victorian period—how many of them may be said to answer to Rossetti's description :

" This is her picture as she was ;
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone ;
I gaze until she seem to stir ;
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart ;
And yet the earth is over her."

Many sketches are now being made in Constable's country, but Constable gave us storm and sunshine, foliage splashed with rain, and dewy freshness ; now we too often get clouds and trees like bricks and

mortar. Few of the landscapes can be called pictures, they are for the most part studies of *bits*, suitable for back-grounds ; truly a *picture* can scarcely be made out of doors, it should be a combination of sketches and memories, with imagination ; "imagination, the most precious gift of a painter, as of a poet, and of which there is a plentiful lack" in this year's Academy. Formerly, painters chose subjects for their human, or historic, or poetic interest, but the subject pictures in this year's Academy are as a rule so strange, queer and affected, that we can only wonder what kind of taste, what class of spectators they can appeal to : we are not interested, or excited, or stimulated, we are only puzzled ; how few of them would give us any pleasure if we could hang them up in the house. We began with a quotation from Reynolds, we cannot do better than finish with a piece of advice by Pope :

> "First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same,
> Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
> One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
> Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
> At once the source, and end, and test of Art."

It is no small satisfaction in these times of decadence, to look sixty years back, to know that one lived in the great movement which lacked neither originality nor obedience to the best traditions, when poets and painters handled the same noble themes with equal success, when nothing was neglected, and no labour shirked, when imagination and fancy were closely allied to truth. To-day, there is almost a complete divorce of poetry from painting. During the great Revival, the Pre-Raphaelites and their contemporaries were gloriously

successful, in portraits, landscapes, and seascapes, in figures and animals, in flowers and fruit; either in minuteness of detail, or in breadth of effect; in oil and water-colour: they re-created book illustrations, they revived wood-cutting, etching and engraving. In one thing only did they partly fail, namely, in their mural decorations, much of which has now perished; in that department both tradition and experience were wanting. That Rossetti and Morris were allowed at Oxford to paint in distemper on brick walls, which were not plastered nor even dry, sounds like romance or fable; in their haste, architect, bricklayers, artists, were all mad alike! It was a calamity, because it quenched the ardour and enthusiasm of the rising school, and put back the progress of British Decorative Art perhaps for ever.

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